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Friday. Afternoon flight by KLM to Amsterdam.

Sunday. Afternoon flight by KLM to Tokyo.

Monday. Arrival during the evening at Tokyo, and transfer to Hotel.

Tuesday. Half-day tour of the city, including visits to the Imperial Palace, Plaza Meiji Shrine, Asakusa Kannon Temple with its Nakamise Arcade.

Wednesday. Free day in Tokyo.

Thursday. To Kamakura, visiting Daijingu, great statue of Buddha, en route.

Continue in afternoon to Hakuna, en route a boat trip on Om Ashi, and a tour of the town after arrival.

Friday. Travel on famous Bullet Train from Hakuna to Odawa, and from there continue on the Kintetsu train to Nagoya, and then on to Toho.

Saturday. During the morning visit Michinohe Island on the way to Utsunomiya.

Visit Tojinada in the afternoon, and see the Grand Shrine of Ise. To Kyoto on the Kintetsu train.

Sunday. Morning tour of Nara, where we visit the Todaiji Temple, the Deer Park and the Kasuga Shrine. Afternoon visit to the Fushimi Inari no, and return from there to Kyoto.

Monday. Visit the Heian Shrine and Sanjusang Gendo Hall, on the way to Osaka.

Continue in Osaka: tour of the city, including visit to Osaka Port and the Shinjibashi shopping centre.

Tuesday. Fly from Osaka to Tokyo, and from there, leave Japan by KLM flight to Manila. Arrive in the afternoon.

Wednesday. 2 1/2 hour tour of the city, including the walled city, San Augustin Church, Fort Santiago ruins and the University.

Thursday. Morning flight from Manila to Hong Kong.

Friday. Four hour tour, visiting the Central District, Wau Chai, Victoria Peak, Tiger Balm Garden, Repulse Bay, Aberdeen and the Western District.

Saturday. Free for shopping and visits.

Sunday. Free for shopping and visits.

Monday. Afternoon flight to Singapore.

Tuesday. Morning tour of Singapore.

Wednesday. Afternoon flight to Bangkok.

Thursday. Four hour morning tour, including the Marble Temple, Reclining Buddha and Chinatown.

Friday. Free for shopping and visits in town.

Saturday. Morning flight to Kathmandu. Afternoon tour of the city.

Sunday. Free in town.

Monday. Morning flight to Delhi. Afternoon visit to the city, including Qutab Minar, Humayun Tomb, Birla Temple.

Tuesday. Early morning departure by air-conditioned coach for Agra, via the Holy Mathura, and visiting the Taj Mahal. Visit to the Akbar Tomb. Travelling time about 2 1/2 hours. Tour of Agra and visit to Agra Fort.

Wednesday. Morning flight to Teheran. Stopover of four hours and departure via El-Al for Tel Aviv.

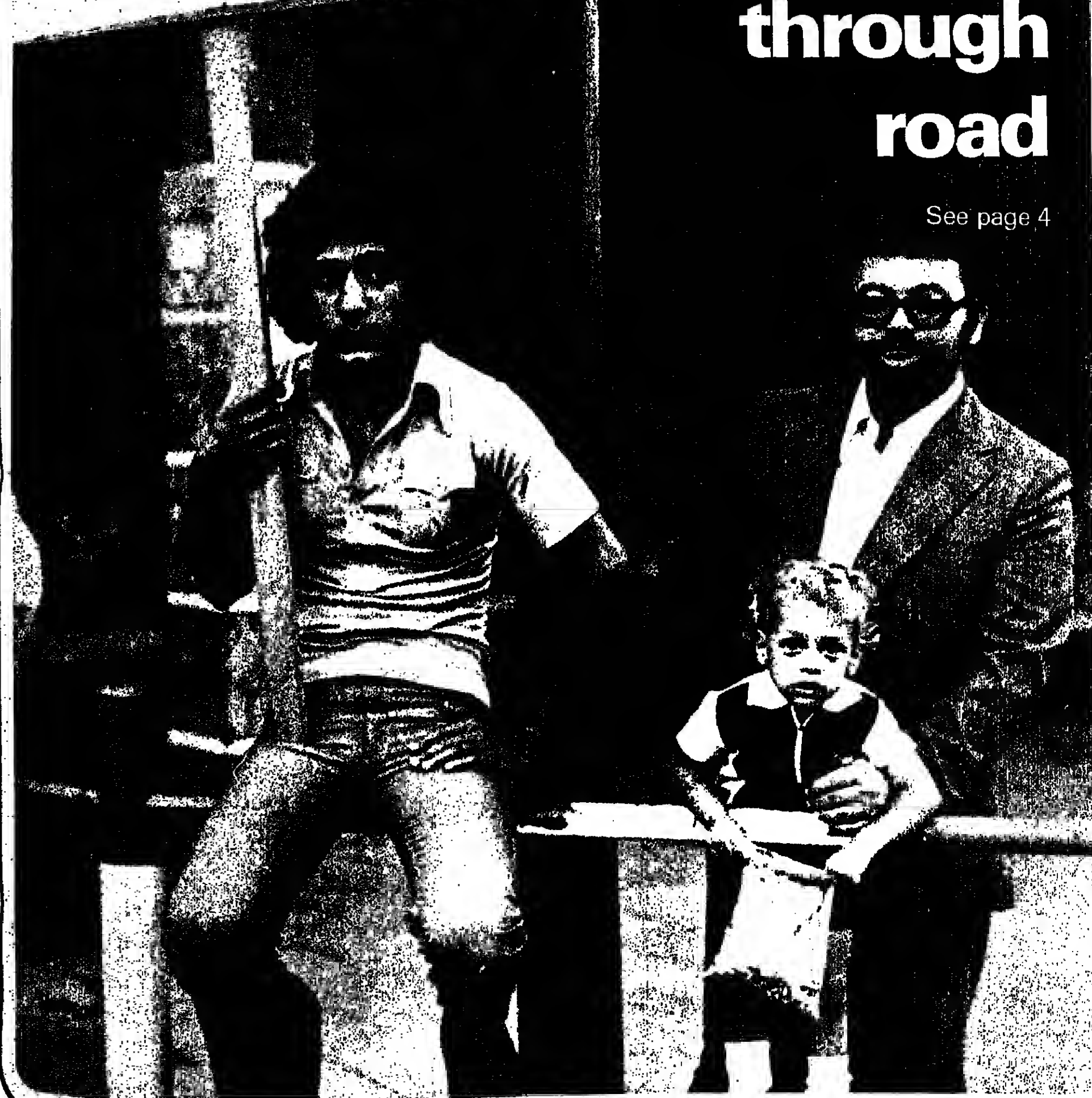
Thursday. Completion of tour.

REPORT: JERUSALEM
PO
MAGAZINE

Friday, July 22, 1977

No through road

See page 4



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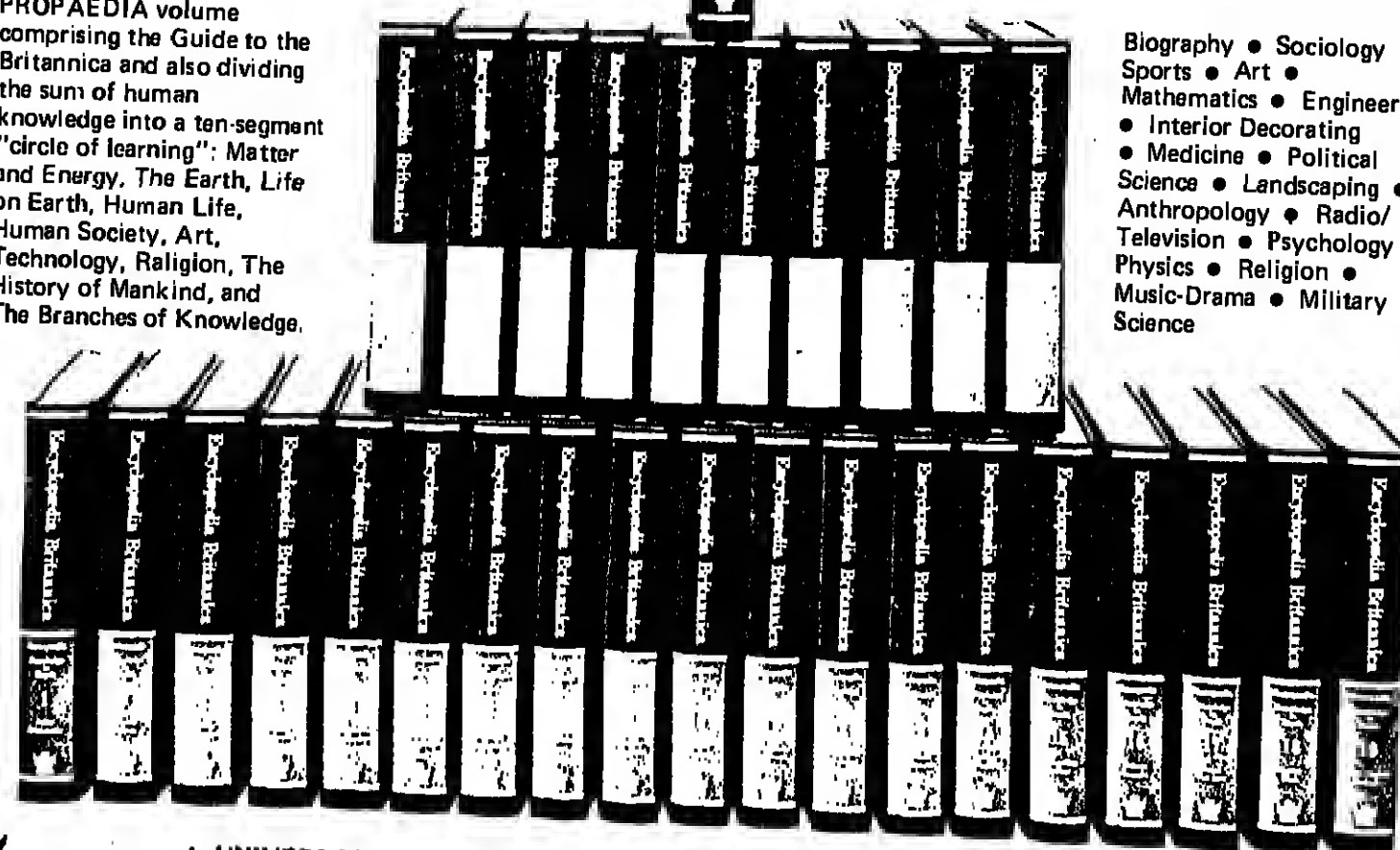
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Over photo: Both sides of the fence in Ben Brak (Lester Millman)

In this issue

Ben Brak looks at the road Ben Brak behind the current troubles. 4

Holau Epstein reports on interviews with American Jewish children of concentration camp survivors. 8

Reporter Diana Lerner and photographer Ore Mittwoob meet an unusual skier diver at Eilat. 8

Graye Shepito pays a quiet week-day visit to Tel Aviv's Yarkon Park. 10

The Book Section. Reviews include: A Jerusalem anthology edited by Dennis Slik; Gaalyah Cornfeld's survey of biblical archaeology; an American Jewish travel guide; a popular science book by British TV personality Magnus Fyke; studies of two World War II assaults on Germany. Fiction: two new volumes of J.I.M. Stewart's "A Slaircase in Surrey"; a selection of thrillers. 12

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Ephraim Kishon gets snapped napping. A View from Nob by Moshe Kohn. 18

Alex Berlyne is prejudiced about the pregnant pause. Haim Shapiro prepares a Mexican soup. 19

Dry Bones is on holiday.

קולות עלייה & ABSORPTION INFORMATION COLUMN

Successful absorption is a key to increased aliyah. The Ministry of Immigrant Absorption and the Jewish Agency are presenting this column as part of a series of articles designed to provide olim with information in various fields: practical advice, reports on changes in regulations, employment and housing opportunities, and stories of olim now absorbed. It is obvious that the column will not be aimed at the same reader each time.

The column is written by a staff of freelance writers, most of them olim. The views they hold are their own.

We are hoping that enough interest in this effort will be generated to encourage reader response, which will allow us to tailor the content to demand. It is not our intention to receive and reply to specific complaints of olim, but we will select problems encountered as subjects for future articles.

is on practical — rather than theoretical or research-oriented — fields. For instance, there is a greater need for engineers for industry than for people in pure mathematics and theoretical physics. In the social sciences, the need is for people who work with people, rather than for those who work with white mice or statistics. In the business world, bookkeepers and accountants are in great demand, but a macro-planning economist may have difficulty finding work.

TRAINING PROGRAMMES

In one category of training programme, candidates who have completed 8-9 years of formal schooling may participate. In courses in the fields of metal-work, carpentry, machine-tool operation, and automotive mechanics. These courses last three to nine months and are also open to those possessing more than the minimum educational requirements. Almost every month, new courses begin in all parts of the country.

A second group of courses is provided for high school graduates. These concentrate on vocational training for technicians and practical engineers. The courses take one to two years and aim to produce people who may work in anything from biomedical technology to automated control systems for industrial production.

In addition to being able to participate in any of the above courses, university graduates may take part in courses in a number of more specialized fields. Courses exist in areas ranging from social work to supermarket management, from systems analysis to teaching. For those of you who have a specific career in mind — and one that is needed in Israel — there is a broad spectrum of excellent training.

ing programmes for you to investigate.

The Ministry of Absorption together with the Ministry of Labour run a number of training and retraining courses, for which newcomers to Israel are eligible. Most of these programmes are free of charge, and a living allowance may also be provided for students in need.

THE STUDENT AUTHORITY (Minhal Hsstudentim)

The Student Authority of the Ministry of Absorption provides young settlers wishing to study in Israel's universities and colleges (michlilot) with help, guidance and financial assistance. Almost any subject — taught anywhere in the world — is also taught here.

The universities are expending in many different areas. Professors from all over the world come to do Sabbatical work in Israel's colleges.

While the Student Authority imposes certain restrictions with regard to age, duration of studies, and financial need before awarding scholarships, these criteria become more flexible if you are studying a subject leading to proficiency in an occupation needed in Israel.

The Authority grants financial assistance to immigrant students in the form of dormitory housing, tuition fees and living allowances. Each applicant's case is reviewed separately, and the assistance depends largely on the applicant's economic status, the subject he is studying, his achievements during the previous year, and the length of time he has lived in Israel.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR TOURISTS

All the courses mentioned above are open to young people who intend to settle in Israel — those who are officially olim or temporary residents. However, if you have not

yet decided on aliyah but wish to gain more experience in Israel you can take advantage of several opportunities here while retaining your tourist status.

For example, you may want to spend an additional six months attending a kibbutz ulpan after completing a one-year university programme — or vice versa. If you are a kibbutz ulpan graduate you might be interested in working in a development town. Many young people from Western countries have found satisfying and rewarding work in social or educational programmes in Israel's development towns, which are in fact one of the few places left in the world where desire to work and adjust counts more than diplomatic. This avenue is of course open to both new settlers and volunteer-tourists.

If the period of time you wish to spend here is more limited there is also the possibility of volunteering for work in a kibbutz or moshav.

Under certain conditions, a tourist may receive a work permit without changing his status to olah or temporary resident. The most important condition is usually that he or she have a marketable skill. There is a special unit which has been set up specifically to help advise young people on the various opportunities available here in Israel. This office will also guide you through any difficulties you may encounter along the way. You can contact the Centre for Counselling of Volunteers and Students, (C.C.V.S.) Jewish Agency 12 Rehov Kaplan, Tel Aviv. Tel. 63-255311.

If you would like more information about any of these opportunities — or any advice about newcomers' privileges, finding a job, housing, etc. — please feel free to stop in (or drop a line) any working day except Friday, between 8.00 a.m. and 3.00 p.m.

Communicated by the Ministry of Immigrant Absorption

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When the tumult and the shouting die, the Bnei Brak Sabbath will once more become a day of almost idyllic serenity, the like of which most of us in "the outside world" have never known and which not many can comprehend or learn to enjoy.

Shabbat in this ultra-Orthodox town is a time when the weekday rat-race comes to an absolute halt. It is not a day on which to relieve the tensions accumulated in six days of toil by seeking thrills or escape.

Later, the male population hurries to the mikva for the ritual cleansing. At nightfall, to the sound of sirens and the light of candles, the Sabbath is ushered in and reigns supreme until after sunset on Saturday.

"SPEEDING CARS and roaring motorcycles would disturb and spoil. We don't want to coerce the non-religious; we just ask that they not force their non-Sabbath on us," explains boarded former New Yorker, David Edelstein. On the Sabbath, his small black hat is repined by a fur-rimmed *skirtmel* and his black jacket by a silk caftan.

PAGE FOUR

A grainy, black and white photograph of a multi-story building. The building has several balconies with metal railings. The image is very dark and noisy, with high contrast between the light-colored walls and the dark shadows and railings. The building appears to be a residential structure.

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

"No one knows this place like me, and I say that there is no place more religiously homogeneous here. Every few years something like this flares up, but it isn't typical of relations between the religious and non-religious here. Basically, this is a nice place with nice people. It's a little quaint maybe, and a little fashioned, but it wouldn't bother me if it wasn't."

Today, many neighbouring towns, and later, the thriving town of Be'er Sheva, are architecturally at least indistinguishable from other satellites of Tel Aviv, save for the fact that in many apartment blocks balconies are not constructed one directly above the other. This is done to facilitate the construction of a kosher sukkah open to the sky.

So sensitive is the issue of the religious council in Bnei Brak, that to this day its rabbis refuse to receive their pay cheques from the council, lest they be considered its employees. Their

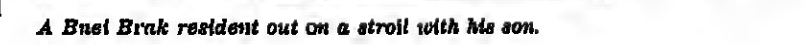
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THE POLITICAL spectrum in Bnei Brak is nearly as varied as the makeup of the population. At one extreme are fanatic anti-Zionist groups allied to Jerusalem's *Naturel Karta*; among the many Orthodox groups, the most moderate are the young men in shirt-sleeves who sport the

The mayor, Yisrael Gotlieb, is an NRP man. His party has been at the municipal helm almost continually since 1988. It controls five of the 15 council seats and heads a wall-to-wall coalition. In this the ultra-Orthodox Aguda bloc also has five representatives, the Alignment three and the Likud two (one of whom is religious).

It is difficult to assess how many of Bnei Brak's residents are Orthodox, and how many are not. Voting patterns may be misleading, both, because some religious voters may support the Alignment or the Likud, and because there are so many young children in the town. But it can be said, in safety, that the Orthodox comprise a large majority.

Few would think of Orthodox
Enel Brak as one of the country's
poverty areas, but at least in
material terms many of its
residents are needy. Their
families are as large as the
Almighty ordains, but their homes
are small and their incomes too
low to make ends meet. But pov-
erty here is not degrading and not
accompanied by cultural depriva-
tion.

Juvenile delinquency is almost unheard of. The small alde-curbed boys, who exuberantly play tag in the streets, and the giggling little girls who wear long sleeves and long atockings even on the hottas of summer days, seem to be blissfully unaware of the generation-gap war in which their counterparts elsewhere have become expert tacticians.

Yet these children do not live in the comfortable security of an unchanging existence. Today, Brak Brak feels that the outside world is encroaching upon it. It cannot be avoided and must somehow be reckoned with.

There are always attempts at resistance. A new community center is now under construction, and is to include the city's first-ever public library. The decision to set up a library did not go well with the eligible segment of the population.

FAIR FROM BEING Inflexible, Bnei Brak's residents are quite capable of thinking up imaginative ideas for coming to terms with some of the inevitable changes. On weekdays, Bnei Brak is as much part of the automobile age as the rest of the country. This, of course, means that it also has driving schools. But it is not everywhere in Israel that such schools find it pays to advertise that they employ women teachers, with whom young girls may feel totally safe and at ease.

That's what David Edelstein likes about Bnei Brak.

"It doesn't live in the past. It doesn't swing, but it's not some nature reserve either. All modifications and changes are within the context of Jewish tradition. I could have gone to live in another city and maybe found nicer housing. But like other immigrants, I was attracted to this town because I wanted a totally Jewish environment."

David Edelstein regards the recent disturbances at Rehovot Hashomer as "ugly," but says they have not shaken his confidence in his new-found spiritual haven. He is bothered, however, by something much deeper.

"Everyone seems to be missing the main point. There is a tradition which says that if for only one single Saturday all Jews everywhere would join in careful observance of the Sabbath, that Messiah would come. Is this reason for such a terrible sacrifice? The catastrophe is that the Jewish people can't unite for just one day to try to bring redemption."

Reb Shlomo does not take such a sanguine view, though he says that "one thing is certain. When the Messiah comes, he'll put an end to the wars of the Jews once and for all. Then not only the problem of Rehov Hashomer would be solved, but of all the other streets in Israel."

The question is, perhaps, what to do until the Messiah comes to Rehov Haahomer. □

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1977 THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE PAGE FIVE

THE PRESS RELEASE from Stanford University puts it succinctly. "The trauma of the Nazi concentration camps," it reads, "is re-experienced in the lives of the children and even the grandchildren of camp survivors, according to Shalom Davidson, a visiting scholar."

"The effects of the systematic dehumanization are being transmitted from one generation to the next through severe disturbances in the parent-child relationship. These disturbances are currently being investigated in studies of children of survivors in Israel, Canada and the U.S."

That is the story Time magazine reported under the headline "Legacy of Terror," attempting to make something complicated easy to assimilate. But in fact, nothing about this subject is easy to assimilate. There are no statistics. And no researcher in the field is even willing to guess how many children of survivors there are.

"There has been no extensive research done anywhere," says Davidson. "The subject is so complex, there are so many variables that it puts researchers off. It's difficult to find the non-clinical population because many parents don't want their children disturbed. Most people tend to deny a problem exists. They want to avoid confrontation with pain of this extremely and psychiatrists and psychoanalysts are no exception."

JUST BEFORE the outbreak of World War II, there were over 8,851,000 Jews living in Europe. No one knows exactly how many survived. It is estimated that between four and five hundred thousand Jews spent the war years in labour camps, in the forests and the countryside. No more than 76,000 survived this concentration camps. Two of them were my parents.

Before I was five, I asked my mother: "Who put the number on your arm? Why? Did it hurt? Why don't I have grandparents? Why did the Germans kill them? Where are they buried? Why aren't they buried? Then where are they?"

My mother said that before the war, my father had a fiancée, two parents and two brothers. All five were gassed to death in Auschwitz. Before the war, she herself had a mother, a father and a husband. All three were shot dead by the German SS. Like most Czechoslovak Jews, she and my father had both been deported to the Terezin Ghetto, and then sent to a series of camps, including Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen.

They met after the war and married as soon as they could assemble the requisite documents. Like most survivors, they had a child as soon as possible. I was born in Prague and named after my paternal grandmother, Helena, whom my father had adored. Seven months later, we immigrated to America, part of a mass, voluntary relocation that scattered survivors across the world.

Over 180,000 came to the U.S. and Canada. Some clustered in neighbourhoods such as Crown Heights, Brooklyn, where a child like Irwin Blum could grow up thinking, "Everybody's parents had been in concentration camp." Others pushed on to Detroit, Toronto, San Francisco or small towns like Asheville, North Carolina, where beauty queen Connie Adam remembers, "Not only were we different from the community but from the few other Jews in the community."

A few thousand survivors' est-

A PAINFUL INHERITANCE

The effects of the Nazi horror live on in the children of the concentration camp survivors. They are haunted by images of violence and mutilation; they share the insecurities of their parents when confronted with "authority" figures; they are inordinately loyal to dead relatives whom they never knew. HELEN EPSTEIN — herself the child of survivors — reports on interviews with others like her.



led in Australia, as far away from Europe as possible. Several thousand emigrated to South America, where one girl was the classmate of several children of Nazis. The largest number, about 25,000, went to Israel, where memorials of the war were a part of their children's school field trips.

I BECAME an American child. I watched the Mickey Mouse Club, played baseball and memorized the score of every musical on Broadway. I seemed to be as well-adjusted as any other little girl growing up on the upper West Side of New York. But when my mother took me to Carnegie Hall, I would often imagine a group of men in black coats bursting into the auditorium and shooting everybody dead.

Other times, I went to St. Patrick's Cathedral, crooned myself, and lit four candles for my grandparents. When I rode the subways at rush hour, I pretended the trains were going to Auschwitz.

Although these were important childhood rituals, it was not until I began interviewing other children of survivors that I found the reciprocity I needed to talk about them. While I was growing up, I tried to bury them. Although I saw it every day, I could not remember the four-digit tattoo on my mother's arm.

Violence or mutilation of any sort were very real to me. I knew that my mother's back had been irreparably damaged in concentration camp and that my father was possessed by a rage and sense of loss that took him away for hours at a time. I saw that our family was unlike any family on television or in the movies. It was certainly unlike any Jewish families I knew, or the ones I

read about in the novels of Saul Bellow and Philip Roth. There was no one to tell this to. My parents had a stake in my "normalcy"; any hint of disorder, I felt, would hurt them. My two brothers and I rarely discussed our family dynamics. My friends sensed a taboo and kept quiet. Most people appeared not to care. The war, which had partitioned our parents' lives into "Before" and "After," seemed not to have touched theirs.

In high school, we never got to World War II. In Sunday School and in books, grave voices evoked "The Six Million" and "The Holocaust" — abstract, entelestic terms that had nothing to do with the messy, volatile emotions so palpable at home.

Other children of survivors I spoke with, whether they were raised in refugee communities in Israel or in non-Jewish neighbourhoods in the U.S., recall the same sense of isolation. Their response was to bury their feelings, just like the rest of the world. They studied hard, learned to play sports and instruments, entered the social and cultural life around them. "I never thought of myself as a child of survivors," many said.

Our parents had not yet become the subjects of books, films and doctored dissertations; it was not difficult to ignore their difference. Besides, other things were happening. We grew up in the 1960s, when it was easy to be lost in a crowd of one's choice. We watched group after group — blacks, women, homosexuals, ethnics, single parents, students, even black associations — organize, brainstorm and air vital issues. Some of us joined other groups, but we did not form our own. We surfaced singly, in such a variety of contexts that only

someone working back from interviews could construct a chronology.

IN 1971, the judges of the Miss America Pageant in Atlantic City were confronted by Connie Adam. In response to the application question, "What are interesting facts about yourself or your family which you would want published (anything you have done that is a bit different, hobbies, interests, etc.)," the first Jewish Miss North Carolina had written, "I am a first generation American. My parents, homeless and orphaned after surviving the Nazi concentration camps of World War II, came to America in quest of a new life."

In 1973, a group of Vietnam Veterans Against the War were driving to radio station WBAI in New York when one began to sing a German song. "I told him to shut up," recalls tax accountant Al Singerman. "I got very upset and he wanted to know why. I said: What do you mean why? I was sure I had told them my parents were in the camps. I mean, these were the only guys I trusted in the world."

In New York that year, six children of survivors published their feelings and questions in Response, a Manhattan-based quarterly with a circulation of 8,000. One year later, in a Newsweek cover story, designer Diane Von Furstenberg revealed that her mother "spent 14 months in a German concentration camp at the age of 19. When she got out, she weighed 45 pounds. I always think that somehow I am the answer to her."

While that issue was on the stands, a small notice began to appear in Boston's The Real Paper, in Cambridge bookstores, on university bulletin boards and in kosher butcher shops: Group

Farming for Children of Holocaust Survivors. Call Eva.

"I saw that psychiatrist was beginning to extend the Survivor Syndrome to us, that severe pathology was being attributed to the second generation just as it had been to our parents," En Fogelman told me recently.

"I began to feel that this was wrong. Sure we were affected. But not to the point where we're not functioning normally or where we have more psychological problems than the normal population."

She and Bella Savran, both psychotherapists, had been looking for a way to apply their skills to an area of personal concern. Last spring, they began to run "awareness groups" for children of survivors, similar to women's consciousness-raising groups or the rap groups organized by Vietnam Veterans. Their purpose was simply to air issues that had been kept secret for years.

BETWEEN US, the three of us have interviewed over 75 children of survivors.

Despite the diversity in age (18 to early 80s), family background and occupation, they all described feelings of enffinity to other children of survivors. "There's a tacit understanding between us," said one. "A completeness without conversation," said another.

Bella Savran found it incredible "hearing from other people's mouths the thoughts I had lived alone with for years."

The interviews I myself conducted were unlike any in my experience. Some people belted with the questions I posed. Some answered indifferently until one question hit a nerve. Some fell exhausted. Others developed headaches and stomach pains. Often, I felt as if plasma were flowing between us.

"You have to share with the reader the inexplicable sense of turmoil it involves," said Mitchell Lerner, a 22-year-old psychology student. "You must somehow make your work more than storytelling, because storytelling doesn't allow dialogue. You must force your reader to achieve in himself a semblance of this chaos. The place where he is the most private. Because you are making a private issue public."

"I always knew that my parents were in concentration camp," said Mitchell. "This fact that I wasn't talked about made me know it more. All I had to do was look at my mother's face and I knew I'd better not ask her questions. I didn't want to make her cry. Even my sister didn't ask her questions. My father's stronger. She asked him."

"I could never remember what was said. I always had to ask dates over and over again. I always had to ask again how many brothers and sisters had died. I could never retain it. I always wanted to ask my father questions as a son. I never could. He would lapse into thoughtfulness and for me the lapse was an answer. You know, the lack of the matter I know nothing, even though I've heard it inside out."

Memories crystallized for Mitchell as he talked. He recalled one incident very clearly: "I was in grade 10. It was a break between classes and this guy across the room looked over at me and said, 'Hey Lerner, Hitler missed one.' He was shocked. I thought: What did I do? I didn't even know what I felt. He said it again and I got up and walked out of the room."

"I began to cry and my body

began to shake. I went halfway down the hall and then I turned. I went back, tapped him on the shoulder and struck him so hard he fell back. I was shaking. I felt terrible and terribly guilty."

"It forced me to think about everything I'd never thought about. All those things that were unapproachable. I not only felt that I had avenged my father, but all the images of my uncle and grandparents. I could look at the pictures my father kept in his bedroom. I felt an angel had pushed my arm."

Mitchell's "angel" is more than a metaphor for children of survivors, who frequently allude to "angels" they are living for in addition to their own. Like many other children, we were named after dead relatives. But our relatives were systematically murdered, and we often have no idea what our families owned or what our families looked like. Our sole clue is the name we bear. For parents enlarge it with same stories, "beautiful or beautiful of the person they loved. We invest it with magical significance."

My Hebrew name is Serifka, which was my father's mother's name, said social worker Dino Lerner. "When I was young, I used to say, 'My name is Serifka from Orhay.' I was never alone in my life, but my grandfather lived there. This was my childhood. My grandmother named me."

Editorial candidate Robert Eli Kastenfeld, "I'm very aware of being named after both my grandparents. It's a weak kind of tribute for having them, but it makes something to live on in me."

Now of us remember the first time we were told "name stories," just as few of us remember how we first found out about "The War."

"I seemed like my parents were talking to me except to say that the Germans had done to them," said Al Singerman. "I was shocked. The Germans did to my father's hands, his nails, his back. My mother was struck on the head. I was able to listen for about 10 minutes. Fifteen at best. Then I'd look my ears and I'd 'I don't want to hear!' or 'I'd have the room to make them stop.' I was 10 years old and I don't know my parents. They're like strangers to me."

All the stories were underscored by hundreds of asides which our parents made every day. When they were provoked by our misbehavior, some of them shouted epithets like "Idiot," "Fifth," or "Fifth." — the same ones that Nazis had used against them.

One son remembers his mother screaming "Enemy of the Jews" when she lost her temper. "We all heard variations of: 'How can you behave like this to your parents? I wish I had my parents alive and here!' or 'I wish I had lived for I should have died there with the rest of them.'"

THE THINGS children are told — no matter how disturbing — often make less of an impression than what they sense or observe. We saw how insecure our parents were when they had dealings with officials, state troopers, judges, inspectors, policemen, parking attendants, waiters in restaurants. Some of these "authority" figures were second-hand respect we found disconcerting; others inspired us with fear or anger. My father



found it impossible to leave a gasoline station without having an argument with the attendant.

"When the Fire Department came to inspect the house wiring," said Al Singerman, "I could not believe my aunt's behaviour. She was practically grovelling, she was so frightened. By two firemen!"

Researchers may not have penetrated the "normal" front our parents adopted, but we lived with their "bad" legs, arms and backs, their recurrent illnesses, their anxieties about everything from food to the international political situation.

The paradox was that our parents were also the toughest people we encountered. They had learned new languages late in life, had changed professions, lifestyles and living quarters. They were awesomely competent at what they did; yet, unlike other parents we saw, their lives were centred on their children rather than careers.

"It's a family joke," said one daughter. "We can't go into the next room without my father saying 'Be careful. It's become an automatic reflex with him.' Other children of survivors speak of their parents living through them, succeeding through them, noting that each of their achievements was a victory against Hitler."

"A life that is not a 'given' but an unexpected 'gift,'" wrote psychiatrist Vivian Rakoff about children of survivors in Montreal. "May become not a life but a mission."

Unlike many children with over-protective parents, our response was to protect them back.

"It's not as if they're the parents and we're the children," said Rochelle Kaplan. "It changes all the time. I think a lot of other

Canadian kids took their parents for granted. They were there to serve them mostly. We were trying always to shield each other from pain. We all worked hard at preserving the eerily. Terrible things had happened, so terrible they didn't even want to tell us what. Instead, they said all they wanted was for us to be happy and to see a beautiful, new generation growing up. I felt it as a tremendous responsibility. I didn't know if I could do it."

ALTHOUGH writers and filmmakers have developed elaborate theories of survival, our mothers and fathers were clearly at a loss to explain why they had lived while the rest of their families had died.

"We were strong and healthy," many told us. Others credited "God" or "luck." But as we grew older many of our parents began to say that they had survived the war in order to have us. Family was their first priority. They had few close friends, and established a social life with their children.

Those survivors who were ill-suited to each other rarely divorced. They clung to their marriages because no one else was left, and when they did socialize, it was in tight, memory-bound groups.

"All they did was talk, talk, talk," recalled Connie Adam. "Other kids' parents went to cocktail parties, played cards, danced. The women got together by themselves; the men got together by themselves. My parents never did anything separately. And we children were usually included."

Our parents did not mix well — not even with other Jews. They felt separated by experience, by different definitions and expectations of community. Many stayed away from organizations

and synagogues. Many joined survivors' organizations. In either case, their children were left with no community of their own. We lived in a social vacuum, where the usual criteria of income, education or parental profession did not seem to apply.

When people asked us what our parents did, we also began to use the terms "Before" and "After." We picked up our parents' attitudes towards authority, family, life and death, as well as their attitudes towards being Jews. Some of our parents took great pride in being Jews. Others displayed a confusing ambivalence. One son was not circumcised until the age of 10 because his parents could not make up their minds whether or not to mark him as a Jew. One daughter passed as a Protestant until she went to college; that was what she saw her parents doing.

We noticed that our parents had an ambivalence about Americans as well. On the one hand, "they were the enemies of the Nazis, which made them our allies," said ski instructor Tom Epstein. "But," said one daughter, "my parents would always say: Americans? What do they know about life!"

Many parents said they were lifelong Democrats because Roosevelt had "ended the war." But the books they gave us to read contained contradictory information. Between 1941 and 1945, this country allowed an average of 6,000 Jews — about the population of an American high school — to immigrate each year.

WE NOTICED all these things and absorbed them without any clarification. Many of us are just beginning to examine our responses today.

"I was frightened. I just really wanted to escape from the whole thing," said Rochelle Kaplan. "I come from a religious family and although I stayed observant, I didn't want to be conspicuously Jewish. I had very blond hair when I was young and when it started to turn dark I got very upset. At the time, I thought that was about being pretty, but I realize now that it was about being safe. I had this crazy idea that if people knew I was Jewish, I'd be one of the first to be taken away."

Other children of survivors had nightmares that continued for years.

"It was always the same dream: a skeleton descending upon me in the darkness," said Al Singerman.

"I didn't dream about Hitler or Nazi Germany," said Eli Rubenstein. "I just dreamt about bad people coming to kill me and my relatives for no good reason."

Many sons and some daughters had fantasies of revenge. "I loved watching Germans getting killed," was a phrase that reoccurred among those who became devotees of the war movies shown on television.

Yet most of us were instructed not to hate. As we became politically aware, we asked ourselves what we would have done as Germans in Germany, and felt guilty about not contributing to or working for a wide range of causes. We were also troubled by the question: would we, in our parents' place, have survived?

In the 1960s, while most of our contemporaries were busy throwing their parents' values out the window, we were trying to measure ourselves by their standards. We studied our parents; we took on their values.

"Most people I grew up with viewed their parents as part of a society they had to fit into,"

said one son. "My parents didn't come from this society. They came from a society that no longer exists. They were victims, not oppressors."

The survival stories loomed large over our lives. They were a challenge, a test.

"If I was unhappy," wrote Toby Mostysker, "I would wonder whether I would have sustained the drive to stay alive through several years of the most abject misery. When I failed at something, whether it was at smoking friends or at finding a job, I wondered whether I would have had the ingenuity, the skill, the craft to have kept myself in food and shelter and out of the hands of the Germans, the Ukrainians and the Poles."

"I wanted to suffer," said Rochelle Kaplan, "because my parents and all our deceased relatives who were so brave and noble had suffered. I thought I had to be noble, I had to suffer too."

Some of us did simple things. We scribbled on food, clothing or material possessions. We became involved in political demonstrations guaranteed to be herded by policemen. Some of us went to jail, some of us went to Germany to try to have the experience that separated us from our parents. A few of us actually managed to put ourselves in war situations, in border kibbutzim in Israel or, in at least one case, Vietnam.

"It was something I had to prove to myself," said Al Singerman, "that I too was a survivor. I joined the army! There was no doubt in my mind that my survival was going to be Vietnam."

WHEN MY FRIENDS discovered I was writing about children of survivors, they asked why I persisted in such a "depressing" avocation. I never had a ready answer, because I did not myself know why; all I knew was that it kept coming up. It was a part of me that never remained quiet for long. It turns out that most children of survivors feel more of less the same thing.

"I feel an obligation to tell the story of what happened," said Connie Adam. "People need to be so naive and content to think it couldn't happen again. I think children of survivors appreciate that much more than the average person. Personally, I knew I didn't want to wait long to have children. I wanted my children to have grandparents. I feel very good about the fact that I have one baby and I'm expecting another one. I feel as if I'm paying my parents back for everything they've given me."

"I take life very seriously," said Eli Rubenstein. "I'm aware of evil in the world. I'm not complacent: I feel it requires an active struggle to prevent a revival of the sort of thing that led to the murder of my family. That brings out a certain activism in me that wouldn't be there otherwise."

"There was a whole civilization wiped out and only a few people remain from it," said Irwin Blum. "I feel an obligation to helping that culture survive. Whenever you allow anything to die you're continuing the Holocaust. But if anything, it's the Germans who have to relate to that time. Our parents didn't commit genocide. There were people in the concentration camps, there were people who were fighting the war and there were people who went to the World Series in 1948. An entire era ended with the Holocaust and a new one began. Everyone has to relate to it."

THE FISHERWOMAN OF EILAT

For Ruth Kurutz, getting up at four in the morning is the most difficult part of her job as a skindiver-fisherman off the coast of Eilat.

Swimming, and being underwater with the fish, is the great love of her life, she tells DIANA LERNER. Ora Mittwoch took the photographs.



Ruth Kurutz with Beduin in fishing boat on Eilat shore (above) and mending her fishing nets (below).



IT'S THE HOUR of the fishermen. The sun has barely risen over the purple, gold and rose tinted mountain ridges; the lights of Agaba, which just a few moments before were twinkling in the distance, are slowly fading and melting with daybreak.

It's the season of the palamida and the Gulf of Eilat is bubbling with the small tuna; also with a variety of sea monsters of all sizes.

The dark figure of a skindiver can be discerned towing a white fish out of the water with the help of a boatful of Beduin fishermen — a trail of thick foam as the bowed frame of the diver indicates it's a big fish.

When the diver removes helmet and snorkel, a knot of streaked blonde hair tumbles down. Ruth Kurutz, a sinewy woman in her thirties, has just caught a 100-kilo shark and it is being brought to shore by the Beduin fishermen. They are also helping her release the rest of her five-ton catch from the nets.

"That was a big one," she explains. "He was alive and I had to circle around for over an hour to see how I could tie up his tail. Once I got the ropes bound tightly around it, I knew I had him."

One of the nets is badly torn, as if after a ferocious battle. Ruth will repair it in the afternoon. It's part of her job as a fisherman.

Israeli patrols near the place where Ruth dives daily mark the routine in their diary: "Nothing happened. The woman diver went down again and is catching fish."

By 7:30 every morning, when most working mothers have sent their children off to school, and are getting ready to go to work, Ruth Kurutz has completed the first two-hour shift of her working day, which started at the crack of dawn. On a lucky day she has towed in shoals of from four to six tons of fish of seven or eight varieties, which are then sold to Thuva by her bosses, Michael and Roxa, owners of the Fisherman's Village in Nueiba.

Ruth returns in time to have breakfast with her six-year-old daughter, Lillith, and to take her to school. Then she will spend a crowded hour shopping for food, straightening out the house, preparing lunch before returning to the shore to dive in for more prey. At noon, she will take a break, picking Lillith up from school. And then the two enjoy a leisurely lunch, frequently of fried fish and chips, and a rest. By 3 in the afternoon, both are stirring, and Ruth will have time to do a bit of housework, make preparations for supper and even perhaps tell Lillith a story or knit something for her, usually in blue. Lillith loves blue because it reminds her of the sea, and like her mother, she loves to swim.

In the afternoon Ruth repairs nets. She can tell from her window whether any of the nets have closed, or recognize from a ripple in the water that a school of fish is surfacing. In that case, she is out of the house like a shot, and almost immediately 25 metres deep in the water, undistinguishable from any of the fish and coral of the Red Sea. Except that she is in constant motion, pulling, appearing as a boat of Beduin follows her overhead.

Often her back is to the sea as she fixes a net, and suddenly she sees a Beduin stirring from his place on the beach. It is a sign

something has been caught. Within seconds Ruth Kurutz has dived in to investigate.

On a day when there has been an unusually large catch, Ruth will invite friends to join her on the beach. They will help her bring the fishing boats in and settle down to a kumeltz with their children until dark. Then, it is back home to put Lillith to bed, spend an evening with friends, or knitting or reading — impatient for the next day to begin.

Born in Givata Yim, Ruth Kurutz spent five years in the U.S. before settling in Eilat, almost ten years ago — "because studying abroad was the thing to do," she admits. But what would she do with a B.A. in psychology when she had a passion for seafaring? So she registered for a course in diving and then in navigation. For three years, she was at the wheel of a glass-bottom motorboat travelling up and down the Gulf of Eilat. For fun, she would go diving and fishing. One day, after an unusually large catch, which she brought to Michael and Roxa for sale, they asked her if she would be willing to fill in for an absent fisherman. From that moment on, the line was cast.

"I love swimming among the fish," she says. "I often dream I am one of them. I enjoy other things like reading, knitting, cooking, but I can't do them endlessly. I can swim forever."

"I even imagine I am developing gills, perhaps because the more one dives, the less oxygen one needs. Beginning divers take in ten times more air than I do," she says.

The most difficult part of the job? When the alarm rings at 4 a.m. she has an urge to dive under the pillow. But when she catches a glimpse of the sea from her window with a half-opened eye she is overcome by curiosity and excitement to see what the nets have collected during the night. Within seconds she is in her diving outfit, starting her oar and ready to plunge into the day's work.

"Once in the water, the time flies," she says. "The sea is an exciting world, a world of surprises, at any moment something wild, strange, unexpected may happen. It teaches you to be optimistic."

Was she afraid of sharks? "I was at first, but I learned that sharks do not immediately attack you; they first study how to surround you. But they do not have to be big to be dangerous. When they are caught in a net, their first instinct is to escape, rather than to attack. Usually, they get more and more tangled as they try to get out. That is when I can figure out some way to conquer them. It's always scary, always a challenge. I want to do it, and on the other hand, I'm afraid, but I can usually overcome my fears and then the Beduin help me."

The Beduin's reactions to a woman fisherman? "It took them time to get used to it. Now they see I respect them and am strict. They do their work, they help me do mine. When they find something especially interesting, they take it to the marine museum in the Coral World Observatory, where Ruth Kurutz's finds are famous.

Her dream? To live in a boathouse and travel around the world with Lillith. And, of course, to continue to catch fish. □



good news
for your hands

No woman is especially happy about having to wash dishes several times a day. All women are concerned that this might affect the skin of their hands.

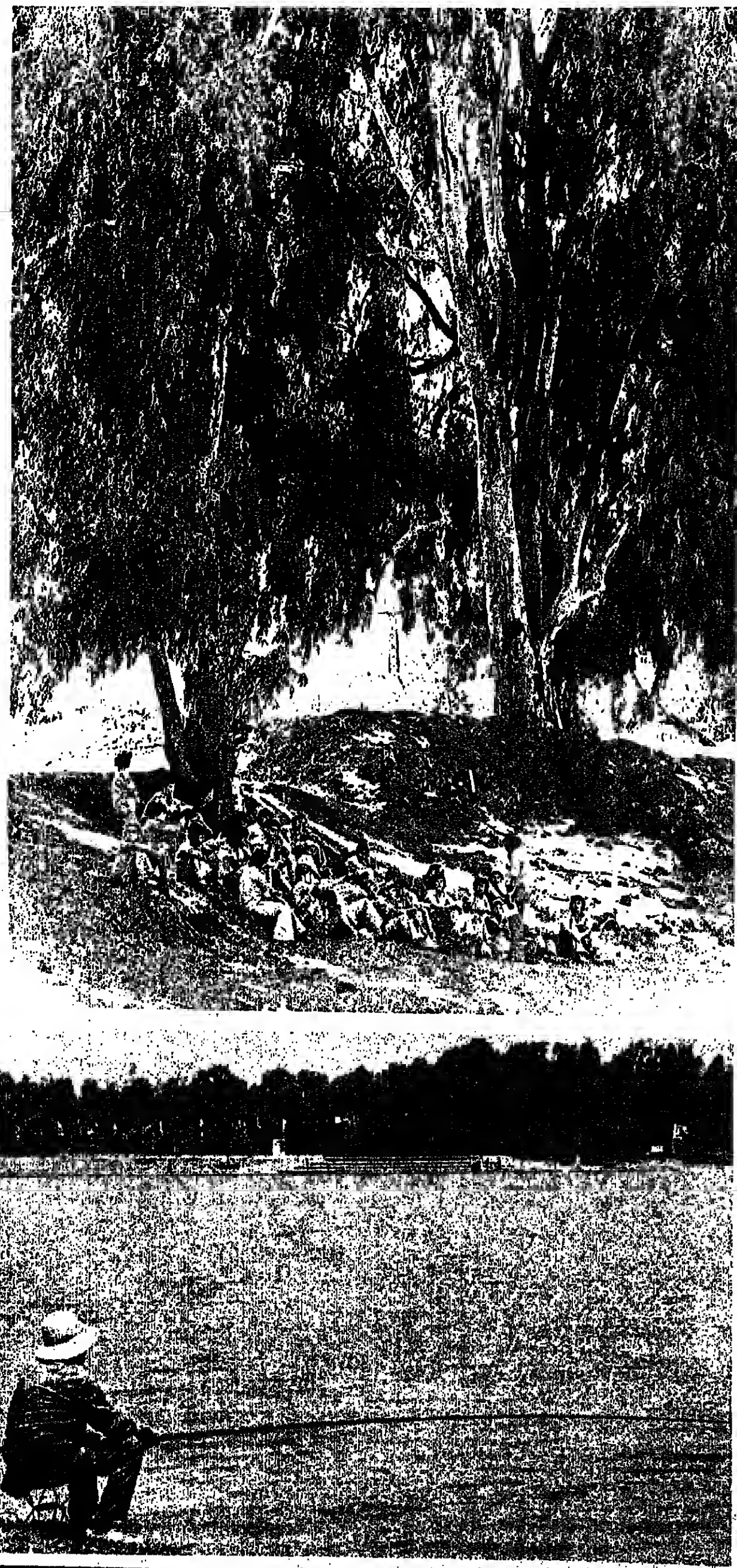
Israel's top cleaning material — Kleen Paste — has always been a friend of your hands: It contained C.M.C. to protect your skin. But Kleen's scientists have never stopped looking for even greater protection to women's hands, and they have found it:

From now on Kleen Paste contains also P.S.D. which gives you that extra protection you've been hoping for — your dishes will be sparkling and your hands will look cared for. The price of Kleen Paste stays the same.

Use Kleen Paste Only



Israel's Beauty Queen, Zahava Yardi, uses only Kleen Paste



FUN PARK

Every Saturday, thousands of people take over Tel Aviv's Yarkon Park, where tropical gardens, children's playgrounds and a miniature railway are some of the attractions. Post reporter SRAYA SHAPIRO was at the park during the week, when it's an island of serenity, and talks to its director. Photographs by LESTER MILLMAN.

"THE YARKON PARK is much more interesting than London's major parks," asserts Moshe Ekron, whose brain-child it is. And, covering 5,000 dunams, it is bigger than many of them. Ekron has devoted several years of his life to the park. At this point, only about half of the area is "developed" to the satisfaction of its director. Money is allocated sparingly for this kind of project. Love, perseverance and patience fill in the gaps.

Practically everything on this vast tract of land, which follows the Yarkon River up to its Ramat Gan confines, is artificial. Ekron reveals. It was as flat as a table before the planners got to work, with the river meandering leisurely between its milky banks.

Ekron, a landscape architect who studied his profession in France, felt that a real park had to have variety. Gradually, hills were formed to snivel on the scenery. A lake was created with lawns around it, and trees to provide shade in the summer heat. A bird sanctuary emerged in the middle of the lake, on an artificial island whose steep sides discourage unwanted visitors.

While the banks of the river have become overgrown with vegetation, trees have been planted with artistic irregularity in other parts of the park. A rose garden has just been laid out. "Have you ever seen a black rose? Or a rose as small as a button? We have them all here," Ekron says proudly. There are benches for admirers to sit and enjoy the sight.

NEAR THE main entrance to the park, children can play on grounds reserved for them; or take a ride on the miniature railway, which makes the rounds of the park and whistles creditably before level crossings.

An idle stroller might discover shady woods, or the brand-new tropical garden that is partly covered by a trellised roof. It has a rocky part where water slowly flows, and a small pond which has already been discovered by migrant birds. Last year, the wardens caught a coot and ringed it; recently, it returned to the

same spot on its way to Europe. "We will not allow people to take food into the tropical garden," says Ekron. "They come in groups, conducted by wardens, who will explain everything to them. And if they shut their mouths, they'll be able to hear birds singing."

Dog lovers have already covered the park. They bring their pets there to train them. In general, the Yarkon Park is an island of serenity. Tourists who discover the park's chance can be seen walking around slowly in the almost deserted green area early in the morning. Grandmothers bring their treasures in the afternoon to feed them bananas and watch them play about happily.

A shell-shaped structure makes concerts and other public performances possible. At election time it is Hyde Park transplanted; politicians put up a platform to speak to whoever will listen.

ON SATURDAYS, everything changes. "The people" take thousands flock in, blankets under the trees to pack their picnic baskets. They come transistor radios and recorders. It is a mass of repeated every week, with permitting.

Because the park is so big, there is room for everybody and degree of unavoidable intimacy tolerable. In time, a restaurant will be built on a promontory overlooking the lake. It will be very comfortable and civilized.

The public is, well, the more Israeli public, and it behaves accordingly. The park director does not want to speak about the public; after all, he is there to serve it. Indeed, if in a crowd of 15,000 or 20,000 there are a few or so lazy good-for-nothing who refuse to take the trouble to take a few steps to a waste-bin — can one do?

Wardens in the park try to prevent damage to trees and stallions. And, on Sunday mornings, at dawn, they are picking up the litter. By 8 a.m., the Yarkon Park is at its pleasant, clean, serene we know.

PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP PULL OUT AND KEEP

POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ISRAEL FESTIVAL

MUSIC

BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES — The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Zubin Mehta. (Bloomfield Stadium, Tuesday)

BEETHOVEN'S FIDELIO — Full-staged opera with the IPO and the Schoenberg Choir of the Vienna Jeunesse Musicale, directed by Erwin Guido Ortner. (Cameri, Roman Theatre, Sunday, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

BEETHOVEN CHAMBER MUSIC — Tel Aviv Quartet (Tel Aviv Museum, Sunday at 5 p.m.; Thursday at 3 p.m.); The Israel Quartet (Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 5 p.m.; Haifa Auditorium, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.); The Israel Piano Quartet (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday at 5 p.m.); Yuval Trio (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.); The Israel Trio (Jerusalem, Khan, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Tel Aviv Museum, Wednesday at 5 p.m.)

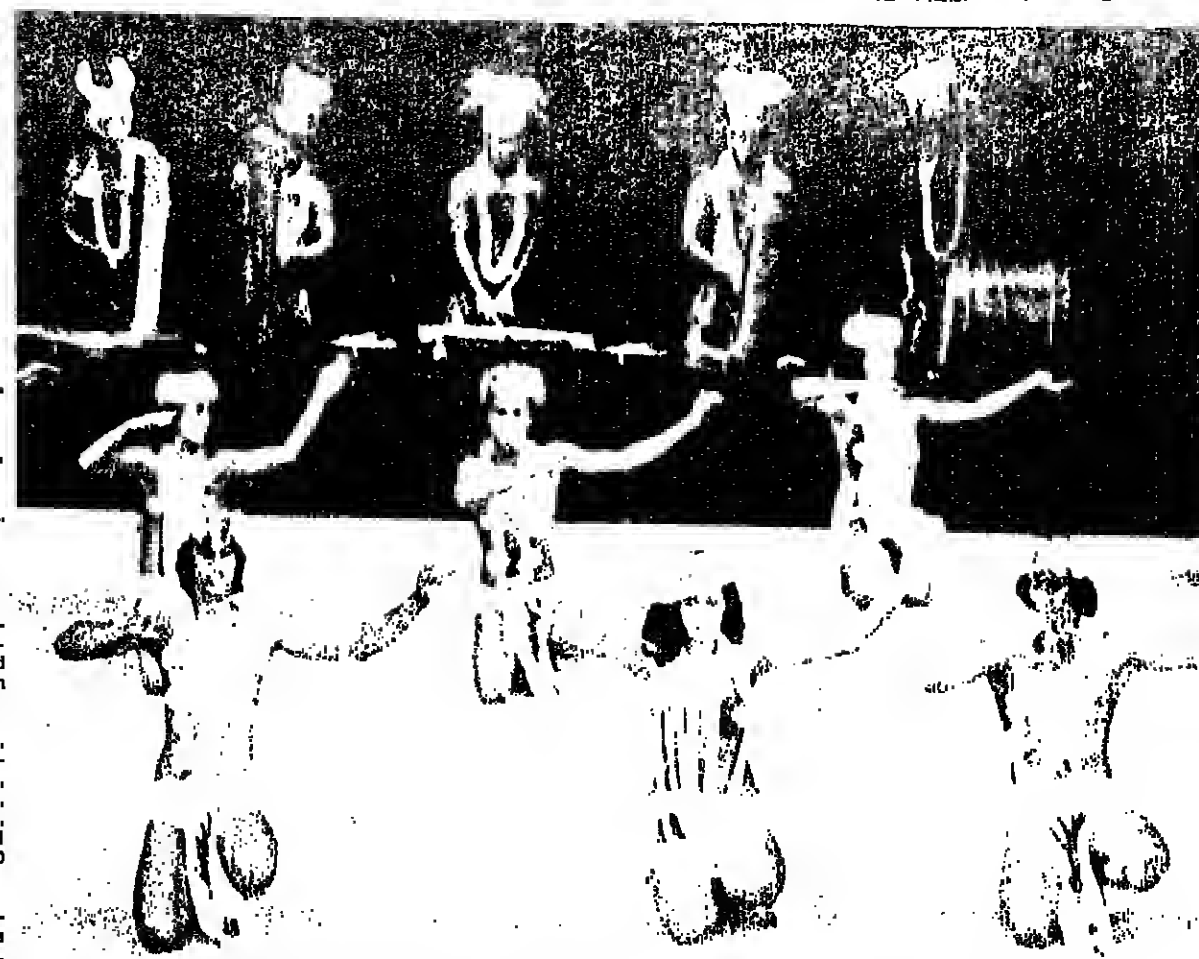
OPEN CONCERT — The Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Zubin Mehta. (Bloomfield Stadium, Tuesday)

DANCE

BATSEVA DANCE COMPANY — VALERY and GALINA PANOV — Choreography: Jerome Robbins, Donald McKayle, Yair Vardi. (Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

GRAND BALLET DE TAHITI — 80 dancers, singers, musicians. Choreographer and artistic director Ollie Holland. (Tel Aviv, Mann Auditorium, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.; Wednesday at 8 and 8.30 p.m.; Jerusalem, Binyamin Ha'am, Monday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.; Haifa, Auditorium, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

OAT DOR DANCE COMPANY — Choreography: Dan Soffer, Charles O'Carney, Toer van Schayk, Jasp Eliaz, Michel Descombes, John Butler, Alvin Alley, Miral Sharon. (Tel Aviv, Bat Dor Theatre, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.; Jerusalem Theatre, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)



Members of the "Grand Ballet de Tahiti," currently touring the country as part of the Israel Festival.

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem

HAFF — Cabaret show. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9.30)

STARS OF JAZZ — With well known jazz musicians. (Paragot Pocket Theatre, 4 Bezalet, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICAL CITY — Multi-media entertainment on the theme of "Jerusalem." Paragot Pocket Theatre, 4 Bezalet, Thursday at 9 p.m.

SHABASH HANOVER — In a new programme of political satire. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

RADIO POP — With the Disapora Band. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI CONTEMPORARY MUSIC — Concert by young Israeli composers. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

ISRAELI FOLKLORE — With the Israeli dancers. (Khan, opposite railway station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

MUSICALS — International folkies, blues, rap. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

TAMAR ROSENFIELD — Hebrew poems set to music by the singer/composer. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Monday at 9 p.m.)

YOUR PEOPLE ARE HERE — Pop musical based on the Book of Ruth. In English (Khan, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

STARS WITH ARIK LAVIE — Songs and entertainment. (Beit Lessin, 34 Weismann, tonight at 9.30)

SHABASH HANOVER — (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Sunday at 9 p.m.)

MY COUNTRY I'VE RIDICULED YOU — (Givatayim, Shavit, tonight at 9.30; Kiryat Shimon, Wednesday at 9)

VARDI — "La Traviata." Cast: Susana Elshelberger, Sykes, Shapp, Naomi Pinkus. (Haifa Auditorium: Monday)

THE ISRAEL NATIONAL OPERA — Producer: Edie De-Philippis; Conductors: George Singer, Alexander Taraki, Arish Levanon.

Secret: "Don Giovanni" — Cast: Read/Bar-Lav, Pines, Read, Scarlatini, Sykes (Tel Aviv: Saturday)

Secret: "The Barber of Seville" — Cast: Esther Ben-Zur, Miriam Laron, Shalom, Kahane, Ben-Zur. (Tel Aviv: Sunday)

FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1977

A MAN WITHIN HIMSELF — Songs by the folk and rock composer/singer Shalom Honoch and his group. (Tzavta, 38 King George, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

MATTI CASPI — Songs and guitar. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at midnight)

MY COUNTRY, I'VE RIDICULED YOU — Musical comedy with Odi Vagil, written by Dan Alinor, Dan Raveh, Yosef Sharg, Dudu Tuxas and Yonathan Gofen (Khan, Beit Arlosoroff, 9 Bezalet, Sunday at 9 p.m.; Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Tuesday at 8.45 p.m.)

VOMI RANAI — A new programme of songs. (Tzavta, 38 King George, tonight at 9 p.m.)

Haifa

SOLA SOLA — African tribal dances + songs produced by native Africans, with a cast of 15. (Shavit, 9 Haasport, Tuesday at 9.15 p.m.)

THE WISE MAN AND THE BRIDE — Musical. (Shavit, 9 Haasport, tonight at 9)

Other Towns

ADAM AND HAVAI — Musical comedy by Yanathan Ofein. (Givatayim, Hader, tonight at 9.30)

CAPITAL LETTERS — Programmes of dance by Rina Shabam and poetry read by Pinhas Korman, poems by Lea Goldberg, Natan Alterman, Yehuda Amichai and others. (Mishmar Ha'emek, tonight: Nahariya, Wednesday)

SHABASH HANOVER — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.30)

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THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

FANEHAN — Joint Cameri and Khan production based on the book by William Hinton which attempts to trace the roots of the Chinese revolution. Directed by Hsuan Hsi. (Khan, opposite railway station, Thursday at 9 p.m.)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — Arthur Miller's 1945 play about the plight of illegal immigrants living in the U.S. during the depression. Produced by the Haifa Municipal Theatre. (Khan, opposite railway station, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv

BORN YESTERDAY — The Haifa Theatre's revival of the thirty-year-old Broadway comedy under Nola Chilton's direction shows how quickly comedies of the sort age but the show is still amusing, with a great deal of pace and a remarkable performance by Gila Munk as the dumb broad who sees the light. (Cameri, 101 Disengoli, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

DO YOU KNOW THE MILKY WAY — A cleverly contrived play set in a mental asylum about a soldier seeking his lost identity after returning from war. (Habimah's Small Hall, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FANEHAN — (Tzavta, 38 King George, Tuesday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE GOOD WOMAN OF SETZUAN — Haifa's production of Brecht's play translated by Shimon Sandbank about a good woman destined to live in a corrupt town of sinners. (Habimah's Large Hall, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

FOR CHILDREN

All performances in Hebrew, unless otherwise stated.

Jerusalem

THUMBOLINA — Tzvi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaye. (Khan, Beit Arlosoroff, 9 Bezalet, Monday at 4 p.m.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ — By the Yavai Theatre. With puppets. (Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE FLOOD — British film, Hebrew subtitles. (Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

HANNELE'S SHABAT DRESS — Play. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Wednesday)

Tel Aviv

CHUNDERELLA — Play of the famous with children's fairy tale. (Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Thursday at 12 a.m., 4 p.m., Haasport, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

JULIUS CAESAR — Cameri production of Shakespeare's play. (Cameri, 101 Disengoli, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

THE MAD WOMAN OF CHAILLOT — Haifa Theatre production of the play by French playwright Jean Oredoux. (Cameri, 101 Disengoli, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE — Moliere's great comedy about a hypochondriac and his unscrupulous, ignorant doctors, has been turned inside out by visiting French director Claude Regie, with some very strange results. (Habimah's Large Hall, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

MARATHON — A tour de force of a play by French playwright Claude Conrath, about three men running a marathon race: under the brilliant direction of Belgian Jonathan Merzer, with the Khan's cast of three actually running for about two hours. (Nahmani, 17 Nahmani, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

SATURDAY, SUNDAY, MONDAY — New Habimah production of the comedy by Eduardo De Filippo. (Habimah's Large Hall, Sunday, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

Haifa

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW — The Cameri's production of Shakespeare's comedy about the man who tamed a woman the way a trainer tames a lion in the circus, and proved the maid's affectiveness. In Yosef Mink's interpretation which attempts a lot and goes nowhere. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Panner, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE — (Beit Ha'am, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

HANNELE'S SHABAT DRESS — (Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Monday)

THUMBOLINA — Tzvi Shavit sings the songs of Danny Kaye. (Khan, Beit Arlosoroff, 9 Bezalet, Monday at 4 p.m.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ — By the Yavai Theatre. With puppets. (Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Tuesday at 4 p.m.)

THE FLOOD — British film, Hebrew subtitles. (Israel Museum, Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

HANNELE'S SHABAT DRESS — Play. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalet, Wednesday)

CATS ON THE TREE TOP — Play by the Dani Pelet Theatre (Shavit, 9 Haasport, Sunday at 4.30 p.m.)

HOW WONDERFUL — Songs, shits, jokes with TV stars Tzvi Mor, Shlomo Nilsen, children's fairy tale. (Beit Ha'am, Weismann and Pinkus, Thursday at 12 a.m., 4 p.m., Haasport, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

FOR last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.

Other Towns

ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about WWII profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Arad, Community Centre, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

BORN YESTERDAY — (Maslot, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)

DEEP WATER — New Habimah production by Hillel Mitnick. Directed by Amot Niv. Attempts to enter the lives of a group of youths who are at once the products of their society and at variance with it. (Beit Sheen, Thursday)

EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's play about a boy who gouged out the eyes of live horses. The staging by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the play has little meaning. Produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Shahar Haasport, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)

MOMENTS — Haifa Theatre production of Nathan Alterman's musical about Little Tel Aviv of the 30s. (Rivlin, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF — A revival of Edward Albee's play about a married couple united by mutual hatred, presented by the Habimah Theatre. Though the edges of the famous dialogue are slightly blunted, the play retains its life and the climactic scenes carry terrific impact. Fine acting under the direction of Y. Katus. (Paradise House, Tuesday)

WHO STOLE MY WIFE? — Comedy based on story by Menachem Talmi. (Nahariya, David, tonight; Rehovot, Beit Ha'am, Wednesday)

CHUNDERELLA — (Nasareth, Nurit, Wednesday at 4 p.m.)

HANNELE'S SHABAT DRESS — (Hertziya, David, Tuesday; Rishon LeZion, Tifaret, Thursday)

THUMBOLINA — (Bersheba, Eliat, Wednesday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE WIZARD OF OZ — (Givatayim, Shavit, Monday at 4 p.m.; Bat Yam, Bat Yam Hall, Wednesday at 4 p.m.; Kiryat Bialik, Savoyon, Thursday at 4.30 p.m.)

FOR last-minute changes in times of performances, or where times are not available, please contact Box Office.



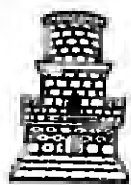
For him you get IL.157 every month*

Money has endless uses. And you can easily fritter it away. But if you, as parents, use the National Insurance Children's Allowance

to pay for a life insurance policy with "Migdal-Binyan", you'll be doing something important for your children. For your whole family, in fact. Even if you decide to use only a part of your Children's Allowance, both

of you can still have high-cover life insurance for a small monthly payment which increases gradually.

*National Insurance Children's Allowance



Life insurance with "Migdal-Binyan" - You can make it!



Spirit guide

RETRIEVEMENTS: A Jerusalem Anthology edited by Dennis Silk, Jerusalem, Keter, 190 pp. No price stated.

Matthew Nesvisky

THE INITIAL retrieval is Retrievements itself, plucked back into print after inexcusably being allowed to become unavailable. The first edition was brought out just under a decade ago by Israel Universities Press, and probably got drowned in all those instant Six Day War albums — the saturation bombing, as it were, of Jerusalem in print by every little Uri and Udi with an Uzi and an Olivetti.

Now, even as the typewriters are clattering again on the 10th anniversary of the city's reunification, Keter has reprinted Retrievements for us. Like its subject, the book is unique. And very like Jerusalem, the book is at once bright and glittery, gloomy and dim, profound and oily, enigmatic, idiosyncratic, hard to navigate, difficult to catch, at times mystifying, never dull, generally beautiful but often coarse.

Poet and playwright Dennis Silk, for whom Jerusalem has been a literary sounding board for more than 20 years, has herein assembled reactions to the city recorded over the centuries by pilgrims, conquerors, passersby and even people who never so much as came here. In doing so, Silk has in fact created a kind of guide book of his own. Hundreds of other publications rap and measure Jerusalem's bones; Retrievements probes for the soul. Each generation acclaims its Jerusalem "bible" — Baedeker, Bartlett, Bazak, Fodor, Frommer, Vilnay, take

your pick. Retrievements will tell you nothing about decent hotels or even how to find Jaffa Gate. In this sense, it is no traveller's bible. But it could become his Zohar.

The Zohar indeed is a prime source for Retrievements and inspires it in more ways than one. Ostensibly a kabbalistic commentary on Scripture, The Zohar ricochets every which way until — by the most discursive and devious of means — it strikes deep into the reader. Retrievements is presumably a book about a geographical entity — but, like travel itself, what it enriches and illuminates most is the person undertaking it. "Retrievements" is actually Walt Whitman's word, and it is no accident that the anthology reads like one long free verse Song of My City.

TWO JERUSALEMS are identified in The Zohar, the dirty and the divine, and their interplay is elaborated on in Retrievements. But if there are manifold mansions in the Celestial City, what a sweeping multiplicity of Jerusalems we have here on earth! Reading through Silk's basket of cuttings from Byzantine, Crusader, Moslem, Jews, Mamelukes, civil servants, uncivil warriors, priests, pilgrims and poets, one can only be dazzled and amazed: Jerusalem, cradle of three great religions and a thousand grand illusions, and each one seems to bolster the validity of the next.

How does one respond, for example, when the poetess Elise Lasker-Schuler writes, "I must say I've never heard a loud word or a shrill tone in Jerusalem, not in its streets, not in its houses and palaces." Is that my life town the lady's talking about? Yet, in this city of infinite aspiration and inspiration, anything is possible.



"Retrievements" jacket: The Judgment of Solomon by Moshe Eliahu.

The more rocky-hearted among us will be quicker to accept the observations of Herman Melville, who called this way in 1857 and wrote:

"Stony mountains & stony plains; stony torrents and stony roads; stony walls and stony fields; stony houses and stony tombs; stony eyes and stony hearts. Before you & behind you are stones. Stones to the right & stones to the left. In many places laborious attempts have been made, to clear the surface of these stones. You see heaps of stone here & there; and stone walls of immense thickness are thrown together, less for boundaries than to get them out of the way. But in vain; the removal of one stone

only serves to reveal there stones still larger, below it."

Small wonder that Melville would conclude, "No country will more quickly dissipate romantic expectations than Palestine — particularly Jerusalem."

Yes, but then again, what could Melville know, being totally out of sympathy with the theocratic tribalism that was to fling the fame of Jerusalem farther and into more imaginations than that of other holy centres such as Lhasa, Mandalay, Luxor, Athens, Mecca and Machu Picchu.

Yet we often forget that Jerusalem was no Jewish invention. Jebusites lived and worshipped here before us and they resisted the Jews' advances

for centuries before a Hebrew king finally conquered the gates and ramparts. If you want a purely Jewish city, you must go to Tel Aviv (now there's a curse: "Go thence to Tel Aviv!"). But if you want Jerusalem, Dennis Silk is pointedly telling us, you must accept it as the city of all mankind.

THIS VERY MUCH is the message of Retrievements — one of those truisms we so often need reminding of: Jerusalem may be under the custodianship of the Jews, and so may it thrive, but many others have urgent and valid claims on it as well. To whom can Jerusalem belong? If we grant proprietary rights to Shal Agnon or to Zelda Shimmur, can we possibly deny them to William Blake?

But don't mistake this book for a coy political ploy. Dennis Silk, as a poet, abhors clichés. So don't expect to find bumper-sticker brotherhood pleas here. Silk himself is much more concerned about the purity of Jerusalem's rivers. The state of Jerusalem's Company Ltd., Jerusalem-by-the-Sea. Don't know what I'm talking about? I said this is a guide book, unlike any other. The merchant mariner Melville's story seems are not the only approach to Jerusalem. Not by far.

Consider Evelyn Waugh's wry eye on Helena among the wags; Charles Warren so lovingly immortalized; Arthur Rimbaud, like Jerusalem, forever ahead of his time; George Seferis, bemoaning and blistering Jerusalem, city of the refugee, where babies "fed upon the filth and stink of old parents and the middle aged feel growing wider the gap between the body that drags behind like a wounded camel and the soul with its courage inexhaustible, as they say."

Consider, then, Retrievements, with its quirky photographs by Saul Abelin, delightful drawings by Ivan Schwab, and handsome packaging by Keter. □

Digging scripture

ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE BIBLE: BOOK BY BOOK, by Gail Kibb, New York, Harper & Row, 334 pp. \$18.95.

Evelyn Strouse

NEITHER for the coffee-table nor for the bedside, this compendious volume might be a perfect travelling companion. Serious biblical scholars and professional archaeologists — perhaps even serious amateurs — won't learn very much from it and may even disagree with sizeable chunks of it, but there is enough fairly light-weight material to satisfy the rest of us.

The text is far more expansive vis-à-vis the Bible than archaeology, but none the less performs its defined task by describing digs that physically verify biblical passages and testify to the rise and fall of empires alluded to in the Scriptures. There are more than a thousand illustrations and, although not all of them are textually apposite, they more often than not breathe life into ancient place-names and cult figures no longer deified.

The territorial vicissitudes of the Israelites and their desert wanderings are amply clarified by maps and charts. And the staggering traffic in kings at the time of the Divided Kingdom, along with dates and accompanying episodes is unsparingly means of a chronological table. Here, too, archaeology serves as witness, having established the first certain date in biblical history — the battle of Qarqar in 853 BCE — and thus making possible so precise a chronology.

Another interesting aspect of the table is the comparison between the books of Kings and Chronicles, showing the parallels in the historical narratives with which both books are concerned. Kings and Chronicles each cover the four-century period from the end of David's reign to the destruction and exile in 586. All of this is strikingly documented with pictures of fortified cities, palaces, bas-reliefs, tablets, and stelae that have been excavated within the past hundred years.

THE BOOK of Joshua offers a graphic example of the technique used to put the reader on closer terms with the Bible. Joshua, divinely appointed heir to Moses, is the great epic hero of the book that bears his name. We all know how he "fit the battle of Jericho."

What has happened apparently is that the historiographer con-

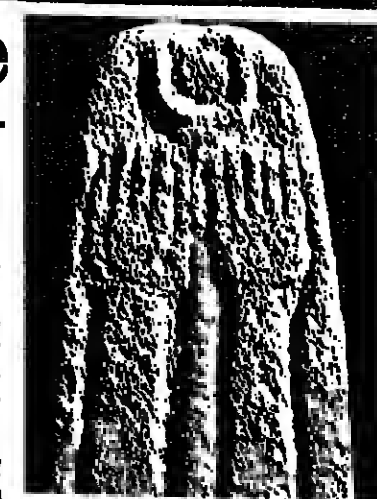
solidated and reinterpreted a number of actual events and set them down in logical but not chronological order. The realistic descriptions of battles and military strategy accord with what is known about the period and with what has been confirmed archaeologically and epigraphically.

The reader is further enlightened by the suggestion that Joshua and Judges be read in conjunction, since they deal with the same material, whose sequences Judges more accurately sets forth. In fewer than 15 pages, two biblical books with which most of us are at least glancingly familiar are reopened to inquiry.

The long section concerning the prophets, from the early Elijah and Elisha to the much later enunciators of messianic vision, such as Daniel and Ezekiel, is at once a rich summation of Jewish prophecy and a presentation of individual prophetic purpose.

Under the heading, "Particularism and Universalism," the author makes it clear that the "prophetic message was perpetuated through the ages: the fundamental principles governing human nature were for all, and all were equal before the law and before God...the justice and mercy of God were to be emulated by human beings..."

And he uses Micah in peroration: "What does the Lord require of you but to do justice and



Canaanite stele from Hazor.

Recent expeditions to that ancient town, however, reveal that it was unoccupied in Joshua's time.

Coincidentally, close scrutiny of the book reveals that the text is garbled. Joshua, for instance, is said in chapter 24 to have swept aside the enemy from Dan to Beersheba, but chapter 13 notes that "There remains very much land to be possessed," and proceeds to list it. These words are further verified in Judges, which records the districts that failed to succumb to Joshua's onslaught and promises that they will fall in time and be divided among the tribes.

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solidated and reinterpreted a number of actual events and set them down in logical but not chronological order. The realistic descriptions of battles and military strategy accord with what is known about the period and with what has been confirmed archaeologically and epigraphically.

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And he uses Micah in peroration: "What does the Lord require of you but to do justice and

love mercy and walk humbly with your God?"

THE NEW TESTAMENT gets shorter shrift both pictorially and textually than the Old, but then it is a shorter collection. There are, however, fascinating recoveries that excavation has made, like the two vaulted rooms in the house of Calaphas, the high priest before whom Jesus was arraigned, and the assorted memorabilia, including inscriptions, that mark the location of the house of the apostle Peter. An interesting summary of the history of the so-called Jewish Christians is fleshed out with archaeological finds of synagogues, floors and burial chambers, both bearing the cosmic cross.

In a survey as comprehensive as this one, which claims to be neither a scholarly nor an in-depth study, statements are made and generalizations pronounced that are bound to be lauded. Also, given the length and complexity of the subject-matter, typos, faulty punctuation, uncertain sentence structure and repetition are inevitable. But consistent inconsistency in spelling is inexcusable; for instance, Hazor is always spelled in the text and always appears as "Hazor" in the captions. Despite all this, the volume as a whole unites successfully the Bible with archaeology for the reader who is not a specialist. □

Armchair tripper

AMERICAN JEWISH LANDMARKS, A Travel Guide and History, Volume 1: The Northeast by Bernard Postal and Daniel Koppman. New York, Fleet Press Corporation, 850 pp. \$8.95.

Lynn Sharon

THIS GARGANTUAN book offers the reader a thousand and one nights of entertainment and information. Although the size may be intimidating, its light-hearted style should ease it from the oblivion of reference-library shelves.

If you happen to be an armchair American-Jewish history buff, or if you are planning a visit to America, you will be propelled out of comfortable inertia into exploring the landmarks, sites, memorials, libraries and public

buildings listed in this book. It offers the collective story of over three centuries of Jewish life in America.

I began my lazy man's journey in Manhattan, the cradle of Jewish life in the New World and my own cradle as well. My first discovery was a flagpole located in Battery Park, which commemorates the settlement of the first group of Jews in the United States. The inscription reads:

"Erected by the State of New York to honor the memory of twenty-three men, women and children who landed in September 1854 and found the first Jewish community of North America."

The book describes the struggles of this first fragile community. Not only did they have to contend with poverty and ostracism, but the unbridled anti-

Semitism of Pater Stuyvesant, the colony's governor. The adventures of the early Jewish settlers are described in full. The saddest aspect of this story is the fact that the majority of these pioneers intermarried and their descendants were lost to the Jewish people.

THE VOLUME is rich in fascinating stories of Jewish life in the U.S.

The imagination is stirred by the quixotic plan devised by Mordecai Manuel Noah. If you visit the new city hall of Grand Island, an island community in the Niagara River opposite Buffalo, New York, you will find a slab of sandstone inscribed with the opening phrase of the *Shema* in Hebrew and the following legend: "Ararat, a City of Refuge for the Jews Founded by Mordecai Manual Noah in the month of Tishrei, 1825 & in the Fifth Year of American Independence."

Although Noah's well-intentioned plan — that Jews from all over the world should come to settle in Ararat as a stepping-stone

to independence in Eretz Yisrael — was a dismal failure, the fiasco did not dampen his spirits. Noah believed that there would be a restoration of Zion achieved by Jewish self-effort.

He demanded support for his resettlement scheme from the Christian world, and he suggested that the land be acquired through purchase. He also predicted the settlement of Palestine by *halutzim* from Eastern Europe, foresaw a Balfour-like declaration and prophesied some Jewish opposition to a Jewish State. Some historians consider Noah to have been the first political Zionist.

Although his Ararat scheme came to naught, Noah continued to work for Jewish and communal causes. He was the founder of Congregation B'nai Jeshurun, second oldest synagogue in New York City, and of New York University.

TRAVELLING to Cambridge, Mass., drop in to Harvard University, mother of American college

and a treasure-trove of Jewish culture. You will find there one of the world's great collections of Hebrew books and manuscripts. Among Harvard's most prized possessions is a Hebrew Bible owned by John Dunster, the college's first president, which bears his signature in Hebrew. The college's Semitic library was established in the 1830s through the generosity of Jacob H. Schiff. The collection includes a set of the Babylonian Talmud printed in 1774, which belonged to the Rav. Calvin Ellis Stowe, the husband of Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*.

One could go on endlessly in this vein. Suffice it to say that this is a fascinating compendium of facts and figures recording more than 300 years of American-Jewish life. Postal and Koppman write in their introduction that they had a wonderfully exciting time making this armchair journey through the past and present of the American Jewish community. The reader will share the excitement with them. □

Terrible odds

BLOODY AACHEN by Charles Whiting. London, Leo Cooper, 159 pp. 24.95.

THE BOMBING OF NUREMBERG by James Campbell. London, Futura, 194 pp. 70 p.

Meir Ronnen

THE FIRST American divisional commander to set foot in Hitler's Germany was a Jew. Major-General Maurice Rose, in September 1944 (he was killed six months later). The Americans did not know it, but Germany lay open and exposed to the U.S. XII and VII Corps deployed on both sides of the border town of Aachen. The Americans, despite Rose's warnings, were wary; the few German troops in the forward areas put up

a spirited defence until heavy reinforcements reached the scene and put paid to any easy American advance.

The real hero of Aachen was Lieut.-Gen. Count Gerhard von Schwerin, commander of a panzer division and holder of the coveted Knight's Cross with Oak Leaves. Hitler once described him as "a splendid battlefield commander who is unfortunately not a National Socialist." By 1944, Schwerin was more disillusioned than ever with the Third Reich. He was convinced that Hitler's personal order to him to hold Aachen at all costs would simply result in the destruction of that historic city. He risked his life to send a message of surrender to the Americans pleading with them to spare the town; and indeed escaped a firing squad only through

the help of officers loyal to him (his pencilled note is still in the Aachen museum). Schwerin was in on the July plot against Hitler, for which his kinsman, Count von Schwerin-Schwannfeld, was executed.

In the end, Aachen was all but raised, but Hitler had won a breather which enabled him to later counter-attack in the Ardennes. The riveting story of the battles of Aachen is not only brought alive by author Whiting but will be perfectly clear to even the most non-military readers. I read it at one gulp.

EARLIER in 1944, on the night of March 30, Bomber Command sent 788 heavy Lancasters and Halifax bombers over Aachen, on their way to obliterate the historic city of Nuremberg. It was a moonlit, tragically cloudless night, and the bomber stream flew in a straight line for much of the way over Germany; when it eventually turned south, its target seemed obvious

and Nuremberg's air defences were ready for it. But even before that the bombers suffered a 250-mile-long running dogfight with German nightfighters, both sides relying on their primitive radar screens as they attempted to find their targets or take evasive action. The raid was the RAF's heaviest defeat: 170 bombers written off and over 500 aircrew killed.

James Campbell, who himself flew 38 bombing missions over Germany, tells how it happened and why. His book is just as riveting as Whiting's. He also dwells on just how difficult it was to finish supper with your family and return, week after week, month after month, to the hell in the sky over Germany.

Was it worth it? Campbell traces the Nuremberg decision, in the face of questionable meteorological reports, all the way back to Air Marshal Sir Arthur Harris. But he supports Harris's over-all bombing policy. However, he also

makes it clear that Harris's policy was made for him at the highest Allied levels; Harris was just the instrument for carrying them out.

"Bomber" Harris, now 85, stated a few weeks ago that Bomber Command and the U.S. 8th Air Force had won the biggest ground battle of the war; and that all total wars had always been directed at all the enemy, even if civilians were in the line of fire. He quoted Nazi armaments chief Speer as saying that the Allied air attacks opened a second front over Germany and that air defences tied up 900,000 German soldiers, 20,000 88 mm guns and 25,000 light flak guns, as well as 250,000 tradesmen needed to repair bomb damage to factories. Hitler was thus deprived of half his anti-tank artillery.

But the bomber crews, said Harris, faced "more terrible odds than any other warriors in history." Bomber Command lost 47,293 killed or missing (many of them Dominion crews). □

Murphy's law

BUTTER SIDE UP or *The Delights of Solenoe*, by Magnus Pyke. London, John Murray, 132 pp. 28.95.

Wim van Leer

A CASE COULD be made that, to close the social gap and prepare the underprivileged for work in the lower strata of management, with commensurate responsibility (and pay), intensive training should be given in abstract thinking.

No conceptual ideas can be formed without the ability to formulate the concrete in abstract terms.

Lizzy Smith is expecting a baby. "Oh, the shame of it all... she should have been more careful... never heard of the pill, apparently." But from the tragedy of Lizzy Smith to the conception (no pun intended) of the "unmarried mother," there is a mental jump which demands the ability to abstract. To many people this represents an unsurmountable barrier to understanding modern science or even generating enough courtesy to try. To bridge the gap, there is that universal pons asinorum

known as Popular Solenoe, which boils down to expounding the abstract in terms of the concrete.

Magnus Pyke, who presents the British ITV programme *Don't Ask Me*, is a past-master of this subtle art. A somewhat cranky specialist in the esotericities of solenoe (eccentricities of solenoe), Pyke looks like a Dickensian schoolmaster. But, if his presentation is sly, the approach to the subject is even slyer.

He starts with dropping buttered slices of bread and we find ourselves in the realm of tenuous fiction as we go along. Spinaach (the bane of my early youth) is seen through the eyes of Popeye the Sailorman, who invariably reverts to the stuff to turn the tables on his beefy adversary. But the soleniet in search of truth, not pursuing the favours of Popeye's paramour, Olive Oyl, does his anatomy and finds spinach no more nutritious than turnip tops. Still, during Popeye's rule of the silver screen, spinach acreage in the U.S. increased from 5,000 acres to 105,000 acres.

We deal with the advantages of brown-shed eggs over the white variety (nit), and the belief that the more bovine the cow, the

yellowier the butter. If it's nourishment we want, why not the locust (Africa), or marble-fly maggots (India), frogs' legs (France), dogs (Congo), whales (Norway, Japan), dormice (Roman). Lovely grub! Or is it grubs?

And then, without having changed trails of thought, we find ourselves in slip-fastener land, but a hop, skip and jump from the structure of matter, and on to the solenoe of energy; yes, Magnus Pyke's hand is quicker than the eye. And the marvel of it is that it is all couched in layman's terms, no multistylized words, no jargon. Cloud and bubble chambers? No problem: look into your glass of beer and observe the bubbles rising. All examples are taken from the everyday world around us. You don't believe that the earth spins on its axis? Pull the plug to your bath and watch with Magnus Pyke. And what is a bath but a gyroscope which, via the kinetics of the boomerang, lands us in the field of thixotropy, i.e. such mysterious substances as tomato ketchup and mayonnaise. But what is thixotropy?

"You bang and bump and shake the bottle."

First nothing'll come — then a little.

IF SUCH QUESTIONS as "Why do North Sea divers talk like Donald Duck?" or "Why do stage-coach wheels in Western movies move backwards?" keep



Solenoe enthusiast Magnus Pyke.

you awake at night, or if you have wondered why light passes through glass and not through brick walls (both are made from silicon, aren't they?), Magnus Pyke is your man. And we even knock at the ultimate door of science, speculation and belief. What does the mirror reflect if we are not looking? The opposite wall, you assume. But can solenoe accept assumptions? This "silly" question, which, when we look closer, is not so silly at all, was illustrated by Ronald Knox:

"There was once a young man who said 'God. Must think it exceedingly odd if he finds that this tree continues to be. When there's no one about in

the Quid."

A pity the anonymous reply is usually omitted, so here goes: "Dear Sir, your astonishment's odd."

I'm always about in the Quid. And that's why this tree Will continue to be. Since observed by Yours Faithfully, God."

If I may be permitted one oration of an otherwise delightful effort, Mr. Pyke's chosen medium to the audio-visual transmission of information, to which the printed word cannot do full justice. When leading his audience into the conception of energy, he describes a simple experiment involving a tin can, a candle stub, a small funnel and a spoonful of common kitchen flour. With these simple aids, on which — for obvious reasons — I shall not elaborate, a small explosion can be generated. Very convincing, no doubt, when demonstrated on the screen with, after the smoke has abated, Mr. Pyke, ears trousers, covered in flour and looking like the finale of a Keystone Copt comedy.

But I doubt whether eager scholars, after studying the printed text, will rush to the kitchen in search of tin cans, candle stubs and flour. There is no die stub and flour. There is no image of a well demolished kitchen. However, in his absence from our TV screens, it will have to do. □

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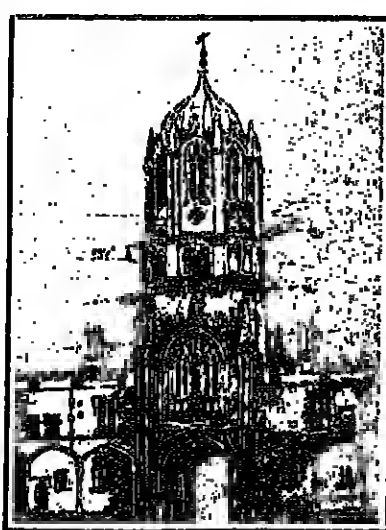
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Oxford epiphany

WE HAVE NOW arrived at the third and fourth in Stewart's series of five novels "A Staircase in Surrey," and I, for one, feel like giving myself a good pat on the back for having stayed the course so far. For those who haven't been keeping up with things, this, presumably Stewart's masterpiece, could be called an epiphany of Oxford coping with the mid- and late-20th century, interwoven with the stories of Duncan Petullo, his masters, love, contemporaries and students.

I should say that *A Memorial Service* is the worst of the series so far. Stewart has allowed what was originally his good-humoured mockery of academic style, his disconcerting, super-cerebral, tip-of-fingers-together ramblings, to topple over into the real thing, like being terribly boring when all you are trying to do is depict boredom.

In the two previous volumes and *A Memorial Service*, Petullo, a playwright, comes back to Oxford, takes up a Readership in Modern European Drama, meets a former sweetheart, tries to help a contemporary straighten out his difficult son and gets involved in the suicide of a new student. Put like this, the books sound exclusively crowded with incident. But I am sorry to inform you that the plot advances with the deliberate pace of toothpaste be-



A MEMORIAL SERVICE by J.I.M. Stewart. London, Gollancz, 288 pp. £3.95

THE MADONNA OF THE ASTROLABE by J.I.M. Stewart. Gollancz, 304 pp. £4.75.

Aviva Even-Paz

ing squeezed out of a dried-up tube.

HOWEVER, things pick up considerably with *The Madonna of the Astrolabe* (the name of a

hitherto undiscovered painting by Piero della Francesca). Stewart is right back on form. He seems to have come down from the clouds of ethereal regions, peopled by amiable wreaths of *A Memorial Service*, and we are back among real people.

This is principally due to the introduction of Petullo's ex-wife, who, to put it mildly, is one of the girls. We are given a flashback of their brief married life, and this is for and away the best part of the book. As a result of his wife's never-failing sexual enterprise, the besotted Petullo is introduced to various combinations of sexual fulfillment and non-fulfillment along Italy's Adriatic coast. As this, by way of a refreshing change in modern novels, is dealt with intelligently, humanely and above all wittily, it is intensely interesting, in fact quite a *tour de force*. The main prop (an epiphany) of the plot is how the College menages to save its beautiful and antique tower from collapsing.

The book fairly sparkles along, dealing with serious and often painful emotions with lightness and tact. At his best, Stewart is a brilliant writer and more than makes up for the long list of stretches of *A Memorial Service*. We can now see that he is pulling the whole thing together in a masterful way. Perhaps even the *longueurs* were a deliberate part of his technique, so a lead-up to the final volume, which to my great surprise, I am really looking forward to. □

Couth sleuths

SHOOTING SCRIPT by Gavin Lyall. London, Pan, 60 p.

BLAME THE DEAD by Gavin Lyall. Pan, 60 p.

KNOCK DOWN by Dick Francis. Pan, 60 p.

INSIDE INFORMATION by Nicolas Bentley. Harmondsworth, Penguin, 60 p.

HOPJOY WAS HERE by Colin Watson. London, Magnum, 70 p.

LONELYHEARTS 4122 by Colin Watson. Magnum, 70 p.

Philip Gillon

FEW OF TODAY'S thriller writers can equal Gavin Lyall in complexity of plot and subtlety of characterization: for good measure, we generously get a considerable amount of air lore thrown in by this ex-RAF pilot. *Shooting Script* is out of the very top drawer, and the denouement, with broke falling from the sky, is out of this world. *Blame the Dead* is not quite as good, and I missed the aeroplane, but it is

still a top-level gripper. Dick Francis is the favourite reading of Queen Elizabeth II, who is entranced by his intricate combinations of horse-racing, torture mystery and murder. *Knock Down* is typical Francis, except that there is slightly less sadism than usual; but the book is exciting enough without thumbscrews.

Nicolas Bentley's *Inside Information* begins with a most ingenious escape from Dartmoor, planned by his hero, who gets over-enthusiastic and joins in the escape only four months before he is due to be released. He blames this stupid decision on the food. The result of his breakout is that he becomes a rather unwilling pawn of a mastermind in a very ingenious theft of gold bullion. Then he gets religion, or something. This is a very well-written thriller.

TWO OF Colin Watson's ingenious Flaxborough thrillers, correctly labelled "Murder Most English,"

are available as pocket books. In *Hopjoy was Here* it seems clear that Hopjoy has slipped down the drainpipe from the bath, after being dissolved in acid. Later investigations suggest that it wasn't really Hopjoy, only a purloined pig.

The plot gets as thick as sulphuric acid when it emerges that Hopjoy wasn't a mere commercial traveller but an overused MI6 agent. Inspector Purbright proves that a provincial copper can trace his way through some of the most cunning and amusing mazes prepared by a master-plotter.

Purbright is back in *Lonelyhearts 4122*, in which he is assisted by gentle graffer Lucille Teettime to bring some ingenious soundreels to their just deserts.

Unfortunate women who seek the joys of matrimony through one of those agencies that bring lonelyhearts together develop an unfortunate habit of disappearing just as true love is within their grasp. The reason why matrimony eludes them becomes clear when Miss Teettime walks with a villain close to a cesspool.

The Flaxborough chronicles are both thrilling and witty. □

Space aging

SPACE 1999 — ROGUE PLANET by E.C. Tubb. London, Arthur Barker Ltd., 148 pp. £3.75.

MOONBASE ALPHA has been sucked into perpetual orbit around an expanding, pulsing, green, brain-like planet which de-energizes everything within its force field. Fear grips the bewildered Alphans as they watch their friends hallucinate and then die in a cataclysm of instant senility and old age. A landing party is hastily dispatched to investigate the life forms on a

neighbouring orbiting planetoid, which has also been imprisoned by the rogue planet's de-energizing beam, only to discover a lifeless planetoid with en-ergetic underground mausoleum filled with dead ellens.

Meanwhile, back on Moonbase Alpha, Commander John Koenig blasts off in an eagle-craft in a desperate bid to uncover the presence of the rogue planet's power. He, too, appears to be meeting the fate of the other Alphans — caught in a juggernaut of hallucinations and aging. It is now up to Dr. Helena Russell and an Alphen rescue team to save Koenig from certain death and prevent Moonbase Alpha from turning into a dust heap.

secret of the rogue planet's superior intelligence, which appears to encompass the sum total of human intellect? Will Dr. Russell reach Commander Koenig in time to save his life? Tune in next week to Jordan TV's answer to *Star Trek* for answers to those harrowing histrionics.

Nostalgia impels many *Star Trek* addicts to do just that, even at the pain of putting up with the outatonic performances of Martin Landau and Barbara Bain (of *Mission Impossible* fame) for a few moments of futuristic fantasy. But to translate medicine TV fare to the novel form takes unmitigated outsize. E.C. Tubb should have left well enough alone. □

The many facets of Ernest Bloch

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS / Yohanan Boehm



call myself a Christian — a true Christian. For [Jesus] is to me only the symbol of that Christianity which both Jew and gentile strive to attain. Who, indeed, will have the temerity to call himself Christian?"

HIS PESSIMISTIC approach to humanity is best expressed in this passage:

"Biblical times have not changed. They have eyes and see not, they have ears and hear not. And I add, 'They have brains and do not think, hearts and do not feel.' But we have obliterated life! After demolishing God, to put man in His place, today we are destroying the man to substitute instead the machine! Machines for killing, machines for walking, machines for thinking... And even music, forgetting its biological origins, the voice and the larynx, tries to turn itself into a machine for machines!... And all this in the name of progress! Whose progress...?"

Bloch was against modern trends in music. In 1939, nearing the age of 60, he wrote:

"I have no system other than to say what I feel. I cannot engage in synthetic music making. If I had wanted to engage in mathematics, I would have become a mathematician, and if I had wanted to theorize about music I would have become a philosopher. I would rather sweep the streets than write synthetic music."

AS FAR BACK as 1917 Bloch confided to a New York music critic: "It is the Jewish soul that I adorest me, the complex glowing agitated soul, that I feel vibrating through the Bible; the freshness and noivets of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jews' seavage love of justice; the sorrow and immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs. All this is in me, and it is the better part of me."

He was never to contradict that statement, either in word or deed. In 1930, preparing himself for the setting of "The Sacred Service" (*Avodat Hakodesh*), he writes:

"I am still studying my Hebrew text. I have now memorized entirely the whole service in Hebrew. I can write it in Hebrew from memory. I know its significance word by word. But what is more important, I have absorbed it to the point that it has become mine and as if it were the very expression of my soul."

"It far surpasses a Hebrew service now. It has become a cosmic poem, a glorification of the Laws of the Universe... the very text I was after since the age of ten... a dream of stars, of forces... the primordial element... before the worlds existed... it has become a 'private affair' between God and me."

It is for this reason that "The Sacred Service" has become perhaps Bloch's most impressive and strongest work, though a few other of his compositions ("Shelomo," the first Concerto Grosso, the Violin Concerto, not to forget the first String Quartet and the "Bael Shem" Suite) are occasional concert items. □

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And quiet flows the tar

Gil Goldfine

EVER SINCE Kandinsky produced his first non-objective pictures more than 60 years ago, the investigation of linear and compositional design as a pure painterly exercise has become something synonymous with 20th century art.

Contemporary artists like SHIKO KATZ continue to probe the concept of "movement" in art but have abandoned paint, brush, clay or charcoal for the "physically" of material. Having previously experimented with paper and sponge, Katz this time has turned to tar, filling up tube and metal vats to test its viscous properties in terms of time, space and texture. Although he submerged various solid and soft objects into the tar baths, Katz has made no allowance for comparative analysis, nor is he looking any trial runs. Pragmatically stated, what will be, will be.

Tar is a strange substance for artistic study, but its silky ebony surface and slow ebb inject a primitive quality into the examination, creating a curious dichotomy between contemporary documentary art and a substance that oozes with a spirit of paleontological elude.

Katz remarks that once he initiated the idea, manufactured the tuba and created the apparatus to set the work in motion, he subsequently lost all control. The sculpture, he believes, becomes self-perpetuating and self-propelling. The artist sits back and awaits the finale.

Out of curiosity, I returned to the exhibit five days after its opening to examine the interim results. As predicted, metal anchors and mesh cubes had sunk to the bottom of tar vats in union and without consequence: spheres of tar placed completely to self-destruct the assembly, and

tar had flowed down an angled trough without obvious resistance. Although I accept Katz's axiom that the exploration of rhythm and movement, in relation to its material base, carries aesthetics and art through to a metamorphosis, I find this particular scene a study in futility. His programme is demonstratively obvious and unless recorded visually and compared with pre-ordained requirements or rhythmic patterns inherent in other materials, it seems to me to have little value. Something should be noted however: expectations, ramifications, successes, failures, etc. Nothing grows in a vacuum (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

Tumarkin in The U.S.A.

YIGAL TUMARKIN's current offering "Made in U.S.A." is an exhibit of models, photographs, drawings and prints of large outdoor sculptures he designed, fabricated and sited during extended visits to America between 1974 and 1976.

The documentation shows massive units beautifully oriented along decisive horizontal axes and perfectly situated in

wooded knolls and grassy parklands. Assembled and constructed from Corten steel and amber-tinted reflecting glass, they simultaneously complement and contrast with the flow of natural forest terrain, the verticality of trees and shrubs; and with sympathetic earth tones.

Looking into and through the reflecting panels sharpens the senses and expands our appreciation of the immediate environment. Also, because the sculptures are baseless and emancipated from relative indoor boundaries, they hug the ground like running vines, assuming an active role in nature despite their sharp angular design.

Except for Tumarkin's intermittent need to apply expressionistic flaps of crunched and crusted organic forms, these particular pieces maintain and support the nobility that characterized the inventiveness of the American architect Frank Lloyd Wright and the English sculptor Anthony Caro.

"Snow" and "Absolutely Horizontal" seem two of Tumarkin's best (making judgements from two dimensional documents) but are only a segment of what appears to be a meaningful and exciting body of work (U.S. Cultural Center, 71 Hayarkon St., Tel Aviv). Till Aug. 18.

Beni Winkler

BENI WINKLER is a specialist in the technique of casting, etching, polishing and pitting aluminium, a talent that has led to the creation of many wall reliefs and table sculptures which, artistically, hover somewhere between pure abstraction and shadowy symbolism.

Having absorbed the compositional devices initiated by Dani Karavan, Winkler's translations of arcs, steps, textures and decorative linear inclinations are much too similar for comfort. A major difference, however, is that Winkler often applies wavy bands of sharp red or olive green to accent sections of his design. But from a total evolutionary point of view they echo Karavan; and besides "wanting" to assume a horizontal pose they sit on a pedestal rather than offer the frontal confrontation of the wall.

In a contrasting direction,

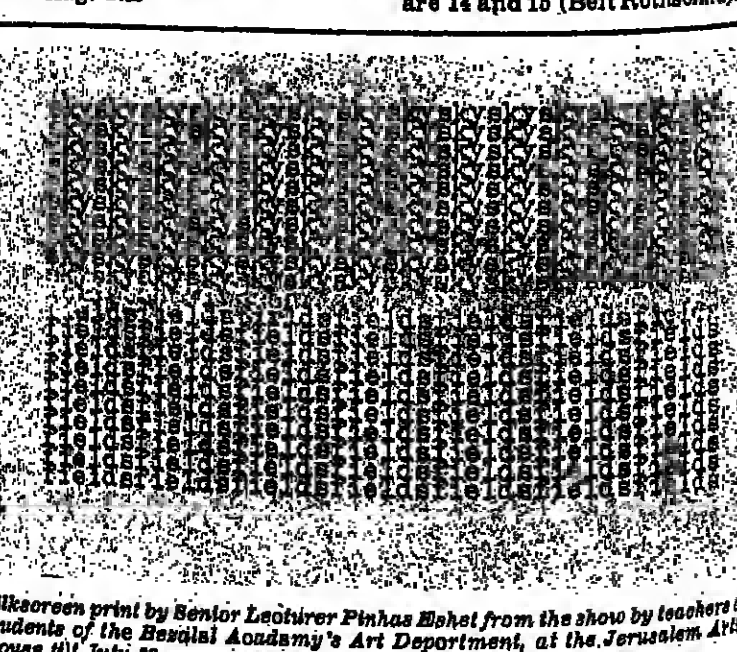
aluminium tubing has been "taken for a walk" ending up as, what one would imagine to be, a mismanaged French horn.

Winkler's most striking piece is a large garden sculpture of black and red painted steel. Although it is remarkably similar in plan to the concepts of the late David Smith, it is a simple bold statement of vertical columns counter-balanced by a cantilevered, open-face disc and a window-box frame. Its openness and relative weightlessness is the antithesis of Winkler's compact closed volumes forged from aluminium and paint.

Winkler, who lives in Omer, was born in Czechoslovakia and came to Israel in 1945. His show inaugurates Tel Aviv's newest art establishment (Amit Gallery, at the premises of the recently closed Rene Darom Gallery, 80 Gordon, Tel Aviv). Till August 6.

Ahuva Yellin

AHUVA PICARD YELLIN is an excellent craftswoman, weaving and sewing her brightly coloured cotton threads and wool yarns into graceful pictures of nature and city scenes. Intricacy and finesse are laced side by side in flat decorative needlework where the artist's range of ability and knowledge of techniques allows her to project a consistent fully realized effort (Old Jaffa Gallery, 14 Simtat Mazal Arts, Old Jaffa). Till Aug. 1.



Blackscreen print by Ben-Zion Leizerman. Photo from the show by teachers and students of the Bezalel Academy's Art Department, at the Jerusalem Artists House till July 30.

New shows in Haifa

Ephraim Harris

SUMMER EXHIBITION 77 (New Members of the Painters & Sculptors Association) includes 20 participants with a fairly wide trend to the abstract, an unusual phenomenon for Haifa. There are out-and-out abstractions such as Peleg's 65, where the design is retained within a pronounced upward curve, reversed in the case of Ellashar's vigorous 5. Eliot calls her 55 "Composition," but one can trace a landscape basis and a pre-dawn streak of light.

There are those who remain realists but are evidently indebted to abstraction: Gabriel's "Marine Scape," bleached by a faint line of ships; Gonen's "Shipyard," with its dark linear composition illuminated, on the left, by yellow light; even M. Peter's "Elm Road," a row of white panels fronted by two dark representational motifs.

Among the realists are Ben-Zion Leizerman's spatial arrangement of trees ("Dutch Landscape"); Gal's "Cosmos," one of three earthly, almost terrifying conceptions; Levy's "Artists' Quarter, Safad," in Gossard's manner; and Timnat's soft green "Street by Night," as if under some sort of fluorescent lamps (Beit Chagall). Till Aug. 3.

HAYA GOBERG does naturalistic oils of landscapes, figures and still life. Her two most successful paintings, perhaps all on paper, are a couple of colour abstractions: an unnumbered item in yellow and blue, quite fairly executed, and a little more spaced (Gale Romema). Till Aug. 10.

PAY YITZHAKI, SABINA MANDEL, YEHOSHUA ROTTER, three artists connected solely by a varying prominence of red. Rotter, who set out from impressionism, now takes colour realism as near as possible to colour abstraction, e.g., the portrait in red (81) and the superior landscape in green (21). Yitzhaki, mostly abstract, is best at collage: highest marks to the newsprint visible through the torn furry white (11); then 8, collage of a coordinated colour scheme. Mandel's oils, while retaining the element of essential portraiture, may be falling into a rut, content being sacrificed to red. Of her paintings under glass, the best are 14 and 15 (Beit Rothschild). Till Aug. 1.

SOME LIKE IT HOT



Helga Dudman

HEAT IS a sad story. And a never-ending one. Every year, as surely as dawn follows night, the same heart-rending, socially isolating situation. The problem is that the heat doesn't bother me. Can you imagine? So I am utterly at apart from my fellows, because if you don't drone on all season about how hot you are, you will never properly adjust to the hardships of Israeli life.

Thus tragically isolated, I listen wonder to accounts of how so-and-so was hot yesterday, is hot today, and will be hot tomorrow. Sex and religion as topics for discussion are taboo till November (except for purposes of street fights). For intimate conversations, you must stick to how hot you are.

Could I tell? To lay claim to feelings that are foreign to me? I keep wondering, as I watch those repeatedly-looking little beads of sweat on their brows and upper lips. I admire the numerous satiny patina they produce: all over. And I stand there dry, inadequate, alienated.

Every summer I paw around among discarded concepts looking for some explanation. Blood pressure, surface area, surface tension, crazy pores, lack of metabolic values, rotten genetic code. No doctor will tell me, no doctor because no doctor knows.

Years back I thought I had stumbled on the answer: I am one of those four people left in this country who drink water; water, not soft drinks. Could this be the secret? But then I met somebody who drinks water and he was hot as the rest. So this

promising theory was discarded. Much more likely is that my mother said to me when I was about four, "Nice people don't sweat," and being a tractable child I obeyed her implicitly. Oh, I got a trifle damp around the edges now and then, but the trouble is, I don't mind it. It even seems so—so, somehow appropriate to summer. Worse yet, I just can't get the hang of talking about it.

AND SO, gentle but hot reader, how lucky you are to be spared the agony of being out of things. The worst is when people reach those dramatic peaks — this often happens in groups, with the effect of a well-rehearsed choral ensemble starting the famous aria, "Oh, ah, there is no air! Oh, woe, I cannot breathe!"

In my early years here I was still all innocence. "Isn't there the normal amount of air here? Just sniff around a bit and you're sure to notice it. See, in and out, like this. Why, there's air all around, just as much as ever." I'd go on helpfully, idiotically. "Maybe you mean there's no breeze? But after all, we're indoors..."

And the other would say theatrically, "Ah, woe, this awful heaviness! This pressure here..." And they would strike terrific tragic poses.

Earning their endless resentment and feeling like a clod, I would babble on. "What heaviness? What pressure?" You can well imagine that repeated experiences of this nature can in time convince a person that he is lacking in all sensitivity. I used to go off for long walks at high, hot noon, or write a poem or something, just to prove that I did too have feelings, even

though I was under this sickening handicap of being able to breathe every day of the year and was oblivious to sophisticated pressures.

So people stopped talking to me, which was understandable and in a way quite enjoyable. Conversations tended to start up again in the fall, at least in the early days. Because when winter arrived, I used to complain about the cold, and was thus socially acceptable for a while.

This attractive bit of complaining about the bitter Israeli winter was probably because I was so thoroughly adjusted to summer that I failed to grasp that something had changed, a phenomenon I often fail to grasp. And so I neglected to deal with winter as winter.

But then I started wearing layers of sweaters, and gained weight, and told myself firmly that summer was over, although it was almost certain to be back. The result, today, is that I find most rooms overheated in winter. And so I complain again.

But this is the wrong kind of complaint. To be successful, an Israeli complaint must have the approval of the distressed majority, and must be directed against the climate of the season.

SUMMER sorrows are even worse during a sharav. Or during what people think is a sharav. I have noticed that whereas the exaltation sharav will be distinctly sited as "in the hills and inland," my feverish colleagues here on the coastal plain will be hammering about their pressures and vacuums and ineffable ions, while all the real fun will be kilometre away. But one shouldn't spoil the pleasure of their anguish.

For sheer sensitivity, the young are the worst. And I'm not speaking of production and construction workers, but of agonized office staff.

At the grocer's today, a plump, moist girl came in wearing very tight jeans and a tight synthetic top. (Her own top was not synthetic). All she said for about five minutes was, "Hot. Oh, it's so hot. I'm so hot. This terrible heat." And so on.

When the Jews decided to return to their historic homeland, they knew they weren't getting Nova Scotia. Going back a bit further, human life probably started in the warmish zones and not the frozen north; and monotholism certainly emerged from the harsh desert and not the gurgly glades, which are the home of the great god Pan. So why all this whimpering about our historic climate? And don't people off in the temperate diaspora get points for being a warm Jew?

Certain Bible-era precepts are worth following. No synthetics. No boots (and I've seen many on women during a sharav). Loose clothing. No scarves around the neck; no neckties for men, even though these now signal that the wearer is a patriot concerned with sound fiscal policy.

During the recent heat wave The Post published a photo of three Jerusalem women that should have been captioned, "What's wrong with them?" One, in a sleeveless dress, was sitting in the sun; the other two were bulging out of tight dresses. And all three were practically in each other's arms, looking as though they were huddled together for warmth.

No air-conditioning, either. Air-conditioning has done more to break down the body's capacity to adjust than...

But I am getting serious. And that will never do.

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New ideas, old technique

Meir Ronnen

SARA MOR is a young kibbutnik who is making her debut with an interesting idea: collages of out and geometrically folded paper connected by both pencilled lines and cotton threads to drawn and coloured two-dimensional geometric figures. The difficulty is that there is no logical connection between the two units: one unit is not related mathematically to the other; and neither is related to the frame as a whole. An ambitious idea like this has to be worked out scientifically, both as a correlation and as a design (Engel Gallery, Shlomzion 18, J'lem). Till July 26.

SCRAPERBOARD is a delightful

rewarding technique. One places a thick layer of Indian ink over a shiny white hard-surface board and then draws into the ink with a sharp stylus or nib. Ideally without tearing the surface of the board. DINAH CVIBAH-FEHLAND makes little use of the technique's properties and her expressionist scenes of sad olivens and tortured audiences are rather clumsily brought off, despite her talent for picture-making. She occasionally adds colour; indeed the best work in the show, No. 28, is virtually a painting. The artist is a graduate of Bezalel and won a masters degree from the Royal College of Art, London, which she completed on an AICP scholarship; judged on the evidence of this show, such awards are easy to come by (Artists House, 12 Hanagid, Jerusalem). Till Aug. 8.

הכרזה מן הארץ

IF THE READER wants to get the picture, let him visualize me in the following situation: summertime, and me beside the swimming pool, enjoying the sun and the bikini in equal measure. All of a sudden, a tully-clad person pops up in front of me with a camera and asks:

"Snapshot?"

My attitude to independent breadwinners of this type is, as a rule, extremely kind and civil, seeing that they make their living the hard way and that they are pretty rude to people who are not kind and civil to them. On this occasion, therefore, I replied mildly:

"No, thank you."

"Three postcard size dirt-cheap at four pounds," answered the photographer and started twiddling his camera knobs. "Put your arm round your wife, mister, and I'll make you a fabulous family portrait."

And at that the photographer held his camera snap-ready at nose level and made signs for me and the woman sitting next to me to throw our arms round each other and smile.

"Just a minute!" I cried nervously. "I told you I don't want a picture. And anyway, this lady isn't my wife. I don't even know her."

The unfamiliar lady, who had already flung her arms round me and was smiling into the shutter for all she was worth, disengaged herself again, deeply offended. The photographer showed more fighting spirit though.

"Two sixes, three and-a-half pounds dirt-cheap," he said. "Can you do a handspring?"

"No, and leave me alone if you don't mind."

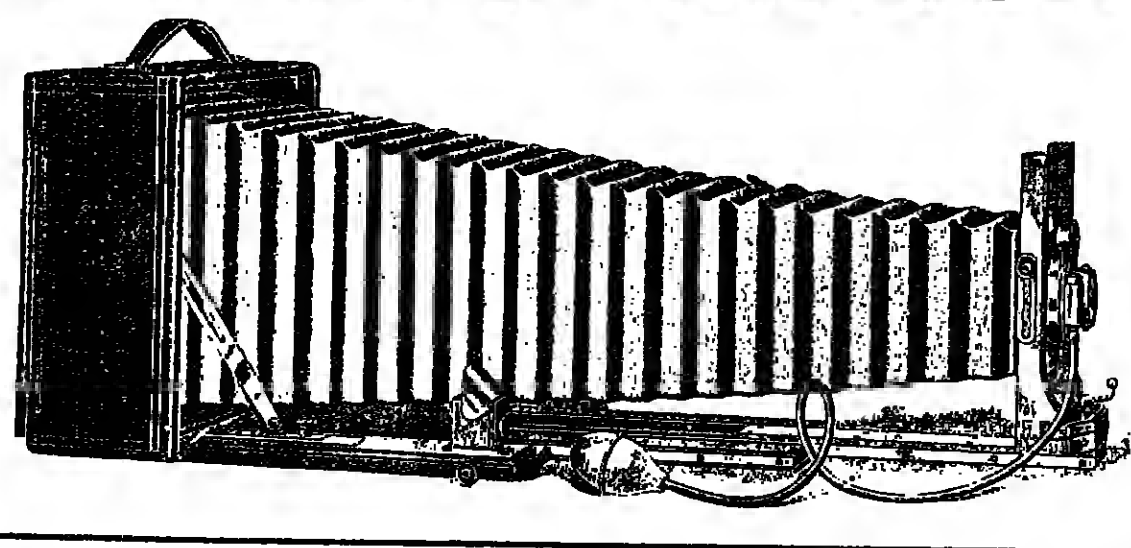
"Why?"

"What do you mean why? I don't want your snapshots."

"I'll let you have an album-size for two-seventy. A glossy. Something you can frame."

"Listen, mister!" I exploded. "Can't you get it through your

THE SNAP DRAGON



thick skull that I don't want to have my picture taken?"

"It's the end of season," the photographer pointed out. "Three 4x8's dirt-cheap for two-fifty."

"No!" I shouted. "If I want to see myself I'll look in the mirror."

"You'll look in the mirror, huh? Can you look in the mirror when you're taking a head-dive? Look, mister, I won't take a penny now. You pay me when the picture's done, two 12x5's dirt-cheap..."

"No!"

"All right," said the photographer angrily. "So tell me straight that you don't want pictures. I got no time to haggle with you." And he stalked away.

I WAS SO upset that I hired a deck-chair and lay down in it and shut my eyes. But Fate willed otherwise. Not ten minutes had gone by before I was suddenly gripped by that creepy feeling that comes over you mysteriously whenever somebody wants to shoot your picture while you're lying in a deck chair with your eyes

Ephraim Kishon

shut. I opened them, therefore, and reproached the photographer who was standing in front of me aiming the camera, his finger on the trigger.

"Look here," I reproached him, "don't you understand - k-k - Hebrew?"

The "k-k" wasn't a hiccup or anything, but a result of the photographer pulling a fast one on me. I got up and approached the fellow, who was winding the film in his camera with evident satisfaction.

"Look here," I groaned, "why did you take my picture?"

"For art's sake," answered the sneaky calmly. "I saw some fabulous light and shadow on your face."

"Listen, I'm not going to buy that picture, get it?"

"Did I ask you to buy it?"

"I don't want you to take pictures of me all the same. Not even

for art's sake."

"You can't stop me, mister. Art's still free in this country."

"The bloody cheek!" I turned. "I'm not a model!"

"You a Rumanian?"

"No."

"So order three 7x29's, dirt-cheap at five pounds."

HE LEAPS at me, shouting. I drop - k-k - down - the shot misses me... I see that his blood is up and gain courage... I run for the ladder, him on my heels... I jump - k-k - ha ha ha - he gets my leg up to the knee.

This dragon is turning knobs, aiming - k-k - but I'm in the pool... swim... dive... he tries an underwater shot but I'm out at the other end... dash for my deck chair... drop in and cover my face with a towel.

A hush.

The strain is indescribable. I can feel in my bones how the trigger-happy bastard is standing there facing me. Time crawls by like a crippled Centurion.

One thing is clear: If this fellow should slip by even half an inch he'll shoot. I start snoring to annoy him. All of a sudden I feel a hand pulling at the towel.

K-k. K-k. K-k.

I see the photographer with a gloating expression on his mug. I pounce but the dragon manages a sidestep and makes for the steps, myself in hot pursuit... Only five paces between us.

"Three... 8x10's..." he shouts at me over his shoulder, "dirt-cheap, one-fifty."

"Over my... dead... body!"

"One pound... dirt..." gasps the man, and starts scattering bits of paper all over the place. "The address of my studio" - taking three steps at a time - "every day between four and seven... in the yard... children too... in colour... 16x21..."

At this point he reaches the street, and I can't follow him into the street without offending public decency.

YESTERDAY I dropped in at the studio. Why not buy a couple of pictures after all. I thought to myself, may be a few've come out nicely? I'm told I'm quite photogenic, and I'm sure my wife will be glad to see what I look like.

The photographer was glad to see me too, but informed me a pained voice that he didn't have a single photo of my person, seeing that, in common with all professionals, he always takes a few experimental shots at his customer with an empty camera first and only after the customer is softened up does he shoot for real.

"I put in film just when you started running with me in front," he told me, and we both felt genuine regret. To comfort him I said that at least I'd write a piece about it.

What piece? he asked.

I said: 16x20, black-and-white.

Translated by Miriam Arod. By arrangement with "Ma'ariv."

ELOQUENT SILENCE

THE SHADE of Jack Benny is consulting Jerusalem cinema-goers now that Ernest Lubitch's *To Be Or Not To Be* has finished its record-breaking run in Tel Aviv.

Characteristically, this master of the pause that refreshes gets the biggest laughs by saying absolutely nothing.

As Joseph Tura, "the great Yiddish actor," delivering Samlet's soliloquy, Benny relies on silence and a series of outraged expressions whenever a member of the audience leaves in the middle. The gag is that the soliloquy, known to Joseph, is the signal for his wife's boy-friend to join her in her dressing-room.

Silent suffering and embarrassed humiliation - always provoked - were Benny's stock-in-trade. Fred Allen credited him with being the first comedian to realize that you could get big laughs by ridiculing yourself instead of your stooges.

Even his first broadcast, on a 1922 Sullivan show, made this abundantly clear. His opening lines were: "This is Jack Benny talking. There will be a slight pause while you say, 'Who cares?'"

One of his early acts exploited the device at length. Jack would introduce a Japanese, "the champion wrestler of the Orient," and announce that he would easily dispatch even tough stagehands in twenty seconds. Of course the stagehands flattened the Japanese in no time at all, while Jack looked at the audience with his helpless, frustrated expression; the curtain slowly descended and the cash customers fell about helplessly in the aisles.

Mill Jossfeberg, the writer-producer of the Archie Bunker comedy series, *All in the Family*, now playing on Israel TV, was responsible for one of Benny's most memorable pauses. In his recent book, *The Jack Benny Show* (Arlington, House, \$12.95), Mill tells scores of warmly-remembered jokes and agrees with Benny's opinion that the gag that is always anthologized as one of the greatest jokes of the past, depends entirely on the longest pause Jack ever agonized through. It went like this:

Holdup Man: Your money or your life.

Jack: (long pause)

Holdup Man: Quit stalling, I said your money or your life.

Jack: I'm thinking it over!

HIS STAGE personality was built on a legendary meanness and an over-keenly-nurtured vanity about his age - he was 59 till his death at the age of 80. (Conversely, a reader's letter in *The Guardian* pointed out recently that the Queen is in remarkably good shape for somebody who has celebrated 76 birthdays.)

Yet Jack Benny was, in fact, the kindest and most generous of men. He was very active in raising funds for Israel and, when he appeared here with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra in 1970, he paid his own expenses and donated all the income from his performances to the IPO Fund.

Benny's stage personality (he was reputed to pay his agent "a per cent") spilled over into his private life.

Once, after realizing that he'd dropped his wallet in the men's room of a San Francisco hotel, he



WITH PREJUDICE / Alex Berlyne

found he hadn't this change to retrieve it and tried to crawl under the door. Just then a man walked in and said, "so it's true about you after all, Jack."

On another occasion, according to his personal manager, Irving Fein, whose *Jack Benny* (W. H. Allen, £4.50) was published recently, he was even more embarrassed by his reputation.

Having checked into a hospital for tests, he could only manage to deliver a few drops for a urine sample. When the nurse came to collect the bottle, she looked at it disdainfully and said, "You never give anything away, do you, Mr. Benny?"

One of his more memorable experiences was appearing on the same bill as Violet and Daisy Hilton, Siamese twins who were joined at the hip. In his usual manner, he went out of his way to be nice to them and, years later, when he'd become a big star, they came to visit him at a Midwestern theatre.

"Why, Violet! Daisy! It's so good to see you again," Jack greeted them. At this, Violet turned to her sister and said: "See, Daisy, I told you he'd remember us."

GEORGE BURNS, Jack's life-long friend, has put a lot of stories about those small-time vaudeville days into his autobiography, *Living It Up* (Putnam's \$8.95).

Early in his career (which recently included winning the Oscar at 80), George appeared on the same bill as an act called The Seven Happy Fitzpatricks. After their father died, claims Burns, every year on the anniversary of his death they'd put an ad in *Variety* which read:

"In fond memory of our Dear Departed Father The Seven Happy Fitzpatricks."

Burns eventually hit the big time when he teamed up with Gracie Allen to form one of the best-loved comedy teams in America. Scatter-brained Gracie would produce her own cost-crackle logic at the drop of a hat: "The reason I put salt in the pepper-shaker and pepper in the salt-shaker is that people are always getting them mixed up. Now when they get mixed up they'll be right."

George would murder Jack Benny with his practical jokes, and yet always be sure of a laugh.

Once at a very formal party, George noticed Jack was about to light a cigarette and called out: "Quiet, everybody! Jack Benny is now going to do his famous match bit!"

Every eye turned to poor Jack, who stood there, bewildered, with a match in his hand. After an age of squirming uncomfortably, Jack tried to light the cigarette as non-

chalantly as he could. George said, "Jack, that's much better - I notice you've got a new finish."

JACK BENNY could have made a serious contribution to the work done by Professor Frieda Goldman-Eisler of University College, London, who is a leading investigator of pauses. She has found that spontaneous utterances contain about 40-60 per cent of silence as the speaker uses pauses to help the hearer understand and to prepare himself for what he is about to say next - and the proportion can easily rise to two-thirds of the total.

Apart from silent pauses, pauseologists speak of filled pauses - the familiar uhs, ahs, umms, ers and so forth. Samuel Tallor Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, referred to these "unmeaning repetitions, habitual phrases and other blank counters, which an unfurnished or confused understanding interposes at short intervals, in order to keep hold of his subject, which is still slipping from him, and to give him time for recollection."

But Professor Daniel C. O'Connell, who studies these silences at St. Louis University, is on Jack Benny's wave-length. Asked if pauses are after eloquent, Professor O'Connell quipped, "Certainly. That goes without saying."

THE ENGLISH are particularly adept at filling their speech with phrases that appear to do no work at all. They were using the meaningless "sort of" years before the American kids began to punctuate their conversation with the equally meaningless "like."

In fact, both the use of such terms as "sort of," "actually," and the affected English stammer, do have a function, actually, - that of disclaiming responsibility for a statement, you know, and for conveying a sort of well-bred diffidence, if you see what I mean.

Anthony Quinton, in a BBC talk about this sort of waffle, summed it up in the famous Balfour rhyme about Nettleship, a 19th century Fellow of the college:

"So to say - at least - you know I am Nettleship or so, Or, in other words I mean What they call the Junior Dean You are gated after Hall. That's all: at least that's nearly all."

Using your favourite soup pot, fry a large chopped onion, two or three cloves of chopped garlic and a chopped hot red pepper in a few tablespoons of oil until they just begin to turn brown. Then sprinkle the onions with about two tablespoons of flour, stir and immediately begin adding water slowly, stirring constantly, to form what is known in professional language as a roux.

Add the beans and about three-quarters of a litre of water. Drop in a few bay leaves and a large pinch of thyme. Bring the beans to the boil and leave to simmer on a very low fire. The beans could take up to an hour before they are done.

Pass the beans through a food mill or a meat grinder. A blender will also do, but the slightly coarser texture produced by a food mill is preferable.

Return the soup to the fire and add salt to taste and, if you need it, more pepper. Finally, add about half a cup of real or parve cream, depending on the meal with which you plan to serve your soup.

The cream is, of course, an extra touch, which I doubt appears in the original dish. Those who want a more authentic peasant meal will omit it. □

AS IF TO mark the improved feelings in Israel towards Mexico, the Danit Towers Hotel in Herzliya recently held a week-long Mexican festival. This was followed, last week, with a Mexican evening at the Jerusalem Plaza Hotel.

The festivities at the Pinza began with tequila. A member of the Mexican consular staff very kindly demonstrated how one should toss off the drink, took a bit of salt and bite a piece of lemon. Later, I noticed that he and his companions sipped their drinks quite normally.

As manager Simon Cooper circulated among the guests, in what he hastened to explain was a dress poncho, a group known as Los Rancheros belted out Latin American favourites. Naturally, the waiters wore sombreros, or at least the closest equivalent available in the Old City.

Perhaps less interesting than the salad made with cactus was the soup, a black bean purée, with a healthy flavouring of hot red pepper. The soup is certainly within the capabilities of most cooks.

TO PREPARE Mexican black bean soup for about six people, soak a kilo of the beans overnight in a pot of water. On the following day, wash and drain them.

Using your favourite soup pot, fry a large chopped onion, two or three cloves of chopped garlic and a chopped hot red pepper in a few tablespoons of oil until they just begin to turn brown. Then sprinkle the onions with about two tablespoons of flour, stir and immediately begin adding water slowly, stirring constantly, to form what is known in professional language as a roux.

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In the soup

CULINARY NOTES

Haim Shapiro

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THOSE WHO ask for any limitations at all on "free expression," we are told, are obscurantists, or, at best, hypocrites.

A few days ago, the former justice minister, Haim Zadok warned against the "new inquisition" here to construe our anti-pornography laws in the strictest possible way, and even to toughen them by further legislation.

"Pornography," he told a meeting of Tel Aviv University teachers, "is a matter not only of geography but also of criteria."

For example, "If Song of Songs had not been included in the Biblical canon when it was, it is doubtful that it would today have met the strict criteria of several Knesset Members of a certain religious party."

This is a cute joke, as far as it goes, but a domagagic one, playing on most people's ignorance of exactly what Song of Songs says, and of the debate among the Talmudic sages that attended its canonization.

In the last analysis, it all has to do with our definition of Man. Is he nothing but the product of "a stinking drop" (as the Talmud puts it) in the context of a lesson on humility), consisting of about half-a-dollar's worth of chemicals (as a contemporary scientist-philosopher put it), whose destiny it is to be a few grams of dust and a kilogram or two of worthless bones (unless 2,000 years later someone finds them alongside some coins)? Or is Man a being

living in terms of an "hypocritical" embracing such concoctions as shame, dignity, respect for his own and his fellow's self, morality, ethics, law, spirit, individuality, privacy?

IN THE BIBLE (Genesis, 2), Man discovers his individuality only after Woman has been created, and the two of them discover their own and each other's selves only after eating of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil. Then "the eyes of both of them were opened, and they knew that they were naked." Before that, "they were both naked, but they felt no shame."

Furthermore, they had no names: Adam is simply *ha'adam* - "the man," and Eve is "the woman." Afterwards, the prefixed definite article, *ha*, is dropped and "the man" becomes Adam and "the woman" is named Eve, "because she became the mother of all who lived." History had begun.

All this happened after the man and woman, having eaten the forbidden fruit, heard the sound of God in the Garden of Eden, and were afraid, because they were naked, and hid themselves.

Afterwards, "the man" (this is the last time Adam is referred to as *ha'adam*, "knew his wife Eve"

A VIEW FROM NOB

Moshe Kohn

and the human race began to propagate itself. It is evidently part of the Hebrew language's and Judaism's sense of the value of individuality and the role of shame in the process of individuation that the sexual act necessary for propagation is described as "knowing."

Any other kind of sexual act, performed only for self- or even mutual sensual gratification, can be described by a whole range of verbs more explicitly describing one or another physical aspect of the act. And all those other verbs leave the parties to the act as mere objects. Man's "knowing" his wife describes the essence of the relationship between the two as one between individualities transcending their mere chemo-physical composition.

NOT ONLY Biblical Man has shame: Homer's Odysseus, too, is ashamed. In *The Odyssey*, Book 6, Nausicaa's girls are at the river doing the palace laundry in preparation for her wedding feast, and their noise wakens Odysseus, asleep in a nearby olive thicket. He creeps out, after breaking off a

leafy olive bough "to conceal his naked manhood."

Afterwards, when Nausicaa tells the girls to lead him down to the river to wash the "salty mud" off him, he asks them to go back and leave him to wash himself, because he is ashamed to be naked in their presence.

"Even the Greeks in the age of Homer," Erich Heller has written ("Man Ashamed," *Encounter*, February, 1974), "believed that the human body, in the presence of others, should be clothed. Even they did not look upon clothes as the cover of nudity, but rather on nudity as being without clothes."

In another incident, related in Pausanias' *Description of Greece*, Icarus demands that his daughter, Penelope, choose between returning with him to Sparta and going away with Odysseus, her new husband. She does not answer, but merely wraps herself in her mantle and veils her face. Icarus knows this means she has chosen Odysseus. But he is not angry; and in the place where the conversation took place, he erects a statue in honour of Aidos. (Aidos, companion of Zeus, represents the combination of the sense of shame, modesty, respect for self and for others.)

This is the other side of what the Talmud says (Shabbat 91a):

"Foul-mouthedness causes terrible trouble... Rabbi Hanan bar Rava said: Everybody knows what happens after a bride enters the marriage chamber. But whoever fouls his mouth by speaking of it explicitly - it he was destined to have a good life, it is turned into a bad one."

As to the role of shame in individuality and in respect for individuality, two Germans, Edgar Merzner and Herbert Mannheim of the University of Munster, have shown what a central role "liberation from shame" played in the Nazi programme (in their study, *Pornophilia: Obscenity and Pornography in the Literary Landscapes*, published in Frankfurt in 1970).

And Georga Steiner has written in *Night Words*:

"Natural selection talks of limbs and functions which atrophy through lack of use; the power to feel, to experience and realize the precarious uniqueness of each other a being, can also wither in a society... Thus, the present danger to the freedom of literature and to the inward freedom of our souls is not censorship, but the danger of the facile contempt that the erotic novelist exhibits for his readers, for his personages, and for the language... [leaving] a man less free, less himself... [leaving] language poorer, less endowed with a capacity for fresh discrimination and excitement..."

In the name of individuality and privacy, let's have some hypocritical shame again! □